Fashionable Levities,

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

By LEONARD MACNALLY, Esq.

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M,DCC,LXXXVI.

COMÉDIE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABEE

The Counteſs of SALISBURY.

MY LADY,

THE Attention with which you have protected the Britiſh Stage, claims the Gratitude of every Dramatic Writer: I therefore take the Liberty of dedicating this Comedy to your Ladyſhip, and humbly entreat your Forgiveneſs for not previouſly ſoliciting your Permiſſion.

I have the Honour to be,

MY LADY,

With the greateſt Reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient

And moſt humble Servant,

LEONARD MAC NALLY.

Temple, April 29, 1785.

On seeing Miss YOUNGE in the Character of Lady FLIPPANT SAVAGE.

THE two scenic Muses had long kept a distance,
And scorn'd of each other to borrow assistance;
THALIA was pert, and MELPOMENE proud,
And though of admirers they both had a croud,
Not two rival beauties on earth could be seen
More tortur'd with jealousy, envy and spleen,
Till JOVE, to whom all the Celestials submit,
In matters of WRIGHT, or in matters of WIT,
Interpos'd his command, saying, henceforth agree,
United in friendship as Sisters should be;
And grant, as a pledge that your union's sincere,
Your mutual pow'rs to some favourite fair;
If one can be found amongst mortals below
Deserving the attributes you can bestow.
The Sisters obey'd; but unfix'd was their choice,
Till MINERVA appearing with soul-moving voice:
While in scales of suspense both their fancies were hung,
Appeal'd to their senses, and pointed to YOUNGE.
To YOUNGE, where the *smile-stealing comic* we find,
With the *soft*, the *sublime*, and the *graceful* combin'd.
To YOUNGE who can each diff'rent passion impart,
Who *pleases* the *judgment*, but *conquers* the *heart*,
And *guided* by NATURE, is *followed* by ART.

8 49 OCT

PROLOGUE

To FASHIONABLE LEVITIES.

Written by Mr. CHALMERS.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

IN Shakeſpeare's days we only play'd the fool,
And men of faſhion gave—not took—the rule;
Then Lords were grave, and ladies graver ſtill,
And only *we*, and clowns had wit at will;
His mind rejected former claſſic lore,
And drew from Nature's never-ending ſtore.
But authors *now*—we often prove the fact,
Muſt faſhion court, to teach us how to act.
Expoſe the follies which our ſtatutes ſpare,
And unprotected Virtue make their care.
All nature *now* is *cuſtom*;—*cuſtom, law*;
And here we bring—not what we think,—but ſaw.
Tis hard to vary your dramatic mirth,
When every folly gives it likeneſs birth.
Which though, in life, your laugh they may command,
Will rather pall, than pleaſe, at ſecond hand.
'Tis harder ſtill to ſuit the general mind,
And all our audience in our int'reſt bind.
Honeſt John Bull, vex'd with the cares of life,
With heavy taxes and a ſcolding wife,
Wiſhes ſome hours in hearing us to waſte,
And *galloping dreary Dun* is quite his taſte.—
Sir Foppling too, his brains with claret addle,
Pronounces *Comedy* to be a *Twaddle*!
His Lordſhip by the privilege of folly,
Is neither muſical nor melancholy;
Thinks every honeſt bard *a queer old Put*,—
"Damme! there's nothing in a play like *ſmut!*"
The politician's all-commanding pate,
Would have us dramatize th' affairs of ſtate:
Make whigs and tories fight, here face to face,
And teach the patriots, *Unity of Place*.—
Some cry for ſentiment, and ſome for wit,
And yet our claims to either won't admit.—
The Critic Bench!* for which there's no appeal,
Since for the town they judge, and act, and feel.
Did you but know what pangs an author ſhares,
How throbs his heart with anxious doubts and cares!
Let paſt indulgence your attention keep:
Though we be dull—*Juſtice* ſhould never *ſleep*.
And if to-night no merit we can claim,
The want of *power*, not *will*, deſerves the blame!

* *Looking into the Pit.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

WELFORD,	Mr. Lewis.
SIR BUZZARD SAVAGE,	Mr. Quick
CAPT. DOUGLAS,	Mr. Wroughton
CHEATERLY,	Mr. Farren
COLONEL STAFF,	Mr. Wewitzer
NICHOLAS,	Mr. Edwin

AND

MR. ORDEAL,	Mr. Henderson.

WOMEN.

WIDOW VOLATILE,	Mrs. Bates
CLARA,	Mrs. Martyr
CONSTANCE,	Mrs. T. Kennedy
MRS. MUSLIN,	Miss Platt
GRACE,	Mrs. Wilson
HONOUR,	Mrs. Webb

AND

LADY FLIPPANT SAVAGE, Miss Younge.

SCENE, BATH. Time, One Day.

*** *Those lines which are within inverted commas, are omitted by the performers in the representation.*

Fashionable Levities.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lady Flippant Savage's Dressing-Room.*

Enter GRACE *and Mrs.* MUSLIN.

Mrs. MUS. AND do you really prefer London to Bath, Mrs. Grace?

GRACE. Why, I do; in London there's such a noise—such rattling of carts, waggons, coaches, chariots and vis-a-vis; then at night its so charming to see the flambeaux flying about from house to house, like blazing stars!—But what have you got there for my lady, Mrs. Muslin?

MUS. A few cards of laces.

GRACE. Foreign, I hope—we hate every thing English, and wear nothing but foreign manufactures. *(Bell rings.)* My lady's bell.——Any new company come down?

Mrs. MUS. Have heard of none, except the wife and daughter of big Mr. Minikin, the great pin-maker from Threadneedle-street. *(Bell rings.)*

GRACE. Coming, my lady *(goes to a door in the back scene.)* It is only Mrs. Muslin, my lady.

Lady FLIP. *within.* I'll be with her immediately.

GRACE.

GRACE. Let me have a few words with you before you go—Sir Buzzard and my lady had ſuch tilting yeſterday, you never heard the like——They hate each other moſt affectionately, that is the truth of it——

Enter Lady ELIZABETH SAVAGE *through a door in the back ſcene.*

Lady FLIP. So Muſlin, *(ſits)* Heigh ho! I'm all langour and laſſitude!—Never knew Bath ſo dull—Scarce any perſon of faſhion—Nobody one knows—This patch has a pretty effect—And you may go, Grace; and do you hear, Grace, let Miſs Conſtance know I ſhall be ready to go out in half an hour.

GRACE. Yes, my lady. [*Exit.*

Lady FLIP. Muſlin, take a chair;—this is certainly Engliſh rouge, a vulgar natural red.—Did you ſee my brute as you came in, Muſlin?

Mrs. MUS. Saw two of them, dear pretty animals, in the hall, my lady; the little French dog was playing with the Spaniſh monkey.

Lady FLIP. Muſlin, are you mad!—my dog and monkey brutes! ſweet creatures! I was enquiring after the brute my huſband.

Mrs. MUS. I aſk your ladyſhip's pardon; I ſaw Sir Buzzard with Colonel Staff and Mr. Cheaterly in the great parlour.—But I have ſomething to mention to your ladyſhip—here are the laces—*(opening the box)* but it is not about the laces I want to ſpeak—but——

Lady FLIP. But what?—Heigh ho! hand me the Olympian dew—Muſlin, I ſaw a charming fellow at the play laſt night, and he ſaw me—Lady Holden certainly pencils her eye-brows—But the charming fellow, he took up my whole attention from the performance——I flatter myſelf I engaged his—his eyes were never off me—was dreſſed in a new Pariſian frock.——Hand me the volatile ſalts, Muſlin.

Mrs. MUS. My lodger, I proteſt!—pick'd the pinion of a chicken at my humble table, laſt night, and never ceaſed talking of your ladyſhip.

Lady,

Lady FLIP. Hand me the roſe water—he ſpoke of me, you ſay?—

Mrs. MUS. Heav'ns, ſaid he, what an air!—what grace! then run on in praiſe of your ladyſhip's perſon and beauty; but when he heard your ladyſhip was married, poor youth, how piteouſly he ſigh'd.

Lady FLIP. Good natured charitable ſoul!—but his name—who is he?—what is he? whence came he?—and who are his relations, Muſlin?

Mrs. MUS. Cannot anſwer one of your ladyſhip's queſtions, except that his name is Welford; he came to my houſe yeſterday, and talks of leaving Bath to-morrow morning.

Enter GRACE.

GRACE. Mr. Cheaterly requeſts permiſſion to wait upon your ladyſhip.

Lady FLIP. Shew him up. [*Exit.* Grace.

Come to demand his winnings;—loſt two hundred laſt night, could think of no card but the knave of hearts I ſaw at the Theatre.

Mrs. MUS. The knave—the king of hearts your ladyſhip means; and let me tell you a trump—never ſaw finer eyes; then he has the leg of a ſoldier, and the hand of a lady——but is he to have the honor of——

Lady FLIP. Of what?

Mrs. MUS. He ſays he has ſomething of a ſerious nature to communicate to your ladyſhip.

Lady FLIP. Perhaps letters from ſome of my friends in Paris.

MUS. Saw a large bundle of letters on his table.

Lady FLIP. Then, Muſlin, I leave his introduction to you—ſhall be at home all the morning.

MUS. Your ladyſhip's moſt obedient—I leave the laces. (*going*) Never ſaw a handſomer gentleman. [*Exit.*

Lady FLIP. What a giddy creature am I? but a body muſt kill time—then the fellow is ſo elegant, (*ſighs*) and Sir Buzzard ſo peeviſh?——the fatigue and apprehenſion which body and mind ſuffer after an unlucky run, are

are insupportable; my nerves are quite out of tune, but Muslin has in some degree elevated my spirits.

Enter CHEATERLY.

CHEAT. I condole with your Ladyship on your hard run last night; the aces conspired against you;—Renounce brag, the cunning of the game lies, not in—judgment of mind, but in command of muscles.

Lady FLIP. To which I impute your uninterrupted series of good luck.

CHEAT. I am unfit for brag;—the warmth of my heart, particularly in your ladyship's presence, (*bows low.*) keeps my features in continual rebellion,—but no person with a flexible countenance should touch brag, the impenetrable looks of lady Frigid Midnight, have established her an adept at the game.

Lady FLIP. And her nimble fingers give her command of the cards; but she lost temper, when I got the black knaves; it was when you stood on my right, and lord Lackacre on my left hand.—"I have got the black knaves," said I, "Lady Frigid"—"I see you have," said she, pointing to you and my Lord,—then, as she puckered up her mouth in an affected smile, down fell a few flakes of paint, and her skin appeared under the fractures, like *old* brick work peeping through the *new* invented composition.

CHEAT. Her countenance was once tolerable, but a long run of ill luck has stamp'd that irrisible discordancy, of hill and dale, which marks her visage, and prevents the smiles of fortune, joy, or good humour, from unbending her to a laugh, or the smallest semblage of the amiable. (*Hums a tune.*) There is a small matter between us, for which I have a very pressing occasion.

Lady FLIP. (*Aside.*) I expected this! Ha! ha! ha! I cannot but laugh at your description of Lady Frigid.

CHEAT. For heav'n's sake say no more of her;—but, let me have the money. (*bows.*)

Lady FLIP. The money! Psha! You must have patience.

CHEAT.

CHEAT. Patience for a debt of honour!

Lady FLIP. I have bills to pay—my mercer, milliner, and mantua-maker, are to be with me to-morrow, and people of that claſs, you know, are rude and importunate.

CHEAT. But ſuppoſe I point out a mode of diſcharging this debt of honour without diminiſhing your ladyſhip's purſe—what ſay you?

Lady FLIP. If you have any thing to propoſe I can honourably receive, ſpeak out.

CHEAT. Your Ladyſhip is not uſually ſlow of apprehenſion; —'tis true, I have not made an open declaration of my paſſion.

Lady FLIP. Sir!

CHEAT. But my eyes, my looks, have ſpoke the workings of my ſoul.

Lady FLIP. *(Goes from him confuſed)* This I never ſuſpected. *(Aſide.)*

CHEAT. May I hope for your aſſiſtance towards my happineſs; I have long loved, doated, and deſpaired.

Lady FLIP. Long loved and doated! I'm not ſurprized at that. *(Aſide.)*

CHEAT. Sir Buzzard knows of, and approves my paſſion.

Lady FLIP. Sir Buzzard approves it!

CHEAT. He does,—and I cannot live——

Lady FLIP. Hold Sir! *(Aſide.)* I'm aſtoniſh'd.

CHEAT. I cannot live without her.

Lady FLIP. Without her! without whom?

CHEAT. Who but Conſtance!—divine Conſtance!

Lady FLIP. *(Aſide.)* Though I deſpiſe the fellow! I—I—but why ſhould I be ruffled?

CHEAT. She thought I was making love to herſelf. *(Aſide.)*

Lady FLIP. And wou'd you have me acceſſary to the ruin of a young creature?

CHEAT. There is no ruin intended;—I have open'd my mind to the lady,—Sir Buzzard is my friend, and I only ſolicit your intereſt; I would marry Conſtance.

Lady

Lady FLIP. No ruin intended! could a greater curſe befal a young creature than to marry you!—who are you, Sir?

CHEAT. Who am I, madam? a gentleman.

Lady FLIP. I don't mean to aſperſe your birth, Sir; but is not your ruling paſſion play; your principal dependance cards and dice; your moſt intimate connections jockies, grooms, game-cocks, and race-horſes? I am ſurprized you could look up to her.

CHEAT. My fortune and family entitle me to look up to any woman.

Lady FLIP. Then it muſt be merely to look up; you are, no doubt, one of Fortune's favourites, and her favours follow you; you have large eſtates in expectancy, and conſiderable rents in Bath, Wells, Scarborough, Southampton and Margate; nay, more, you have as many agents as the firſt landed gentleman in the country.

CHEAT. I don't underſtand this treatment.

Lady FLIP. Your connexions, manners and converſation would be perfectly agreeable to Conſtance's turn of mind;—her reſpect for religion, her morality, philoſophy, and knowledge of the belles lettres, would exactly coincide with your ſtudies in the arts and ſciences of play.

CHEAT. Arts and ſciences of play—

Lady FLIP. I inſinuate nothing injurious to your profeſſion; the reſpect which profeſſors of play receive in preference to all other profeſſors proves it a profeſſion the moſt liberal, as well as moſt profitable. (*ironically.*)

CHEAT. She will never forgive the inſult of preferring another woman to herſelf; (*Aſide.*) Your tradeſmen's bills, madam, are unpaid, your ladyſhip's mercer and milliner—and people of that claſs are ſo importunate and rude;—I do not ſolicit you to take an active part in my favour, only promiſe not to be an enemy, and the debt of honour is cancelled.

Lady FLIP. You ſay the debt of honour ſhall be cancelled. Are you aware that Conſtance has beſtowed her favours on young De Courcy, of York.

CHEAT.

CHEAT. Yes; and that his paſſion for play was cooled at the laſt York races, which obliged him to take a trip to France for the recovery of his finances.

Lady FLIP. And his loſſes ſhe imputes to a conſpiracy between you and thoſe friends of yours, who were the oſtenſible winners, and to whom you introduced him;—I fear you have no chance.

CHEAT. Chance!—leave me to that;—I have often won with the odds againſt me; then ſhe is a beggar, but my paſſion is diſintereſted.

Lady FLIP. And pray now, how much of the uncle's debt of honour is to be paid by this parental kindneſs to the niece?—I ſee into the ſcheme,—and here comes the unfortunate ſacrifice.

Enter CONSTANCE.

CON. I underſtand your ladyſhip deſired to ſpeak with me.

Lady FLIP. To inform you, my dear, of ſome engagements, but particular buſineſs calls me away for a few minutes, ſo I leave you to entertain Mr. Cheaterly.

[*Exit* Lady Flippant.

CHEAT. (*Aſide*) Her modeſt bluſh puts even my impudence out of countenance!—your ſolicitude, madam, to avoid me, ſo ſtrongly indicates apathy to my addreſſes, I almoſt dread the poſſibility of convincing you I am ſincere;—do not turn from me in ſcorn; I may have ſome claim upon your gratitude, though no intereſt in your heart.

CON. Gratitude! Oh! Your abſence, Sir, I muſt inſiſt on; I will not, in future, be perſecuted by your preſumption!

CHEAT. I acknowledge my weakneſs in purſuing the impulſe of my paſſion, reaſon checks me, but ſuch is the imperious violence of my affection, that even your ſcorn increaſes my deſires, by making you lovely in the midſt of anger, and the bleſſing I ſigh for, appears ſtill more valuable, more worthy purſuit, from the diſtant proſpect you give me of the poſſeſſion.

Con. Proſpect, Sir!

Cheat. Yes, madam, proſpect.

Con. You will be pleaſed, Sir, to withdraw——
[*walks diſconcerted.*
you are inſolent.

Cheat. Inſolent! a hard word, madam, to a man who prefers you to every other woman—I may be bold, madam, but—

Con. I repeat it, you are inſolent.
[*walks from him.*

Cheat. I am calm, madam; I know the impediment to my happineſs, young lady, and have ſpirit to remove it.—Inſolent! ha; you prefer a clandeſtine correſpondence with a bankrupt in fame and fortune, to the generous addreſſes of a man, honoured with your uncle's approbation, and independent of the world.

Con. The engagements of my heart—but I will not weep—(*wiping her eyes*)—Sir—you have, with a baſe and mean cowardice, dared to traduce a generous, unſuſpecting youth, whoſe fortune you have aſſiſted to ruin, but whoſe honour you can never taint;—a youth who, if preſent, you would not dare to look on without trembling. (*going.*)

Enter Sir Buzzard Savage.

Sir Buz. What's the matter now?

Con. Enquire of that gentleman, Sir.

Sir Buz. What a life I lead! my mind kept in a continual fever, you and your aunt are a perpetual ague to me;—her hot fits of levity, and your cool fits of prudery, operate alternately, and I am tortured by you from morning till night.

Con. I muſt tell you, Sir, that ſince your houſe cannot afford me protection, I ſhall leave it; and, though deſtitute of fortune, I know where to apply for an aſylum. [*Exit* Conſtance.

Sir Buz. "I know where to apply for an aſylum!"—She cannot have a knowledge of our ſecret, or I would ſuppoſe ſhe meant the Chancery; a man muſt now

now pay as much attention to his ward, as if she was his child.

CHEAT. True, and what adds to the grievance, if a young fellow marries an heiress, he is obliged to settle her fortune on herself, though, perhaps, her person was a secondary object.—I shall never succeed here, Sir Buzzard.

Sir BUZ. Pish, why not succeed; a hundred to one but all she has said is pretence,—you know nothing of women's subtilty; they smile, they frown, they laugh, they weep, they move but to deceive us, and lay a snare in every article of their dress.

CHEAT. De Courcy is the object of her choice.

Sir BUZ. Why afraid of De Courcy? his friends at York races plucked the poor devil of a pigeon so bare, they scarcely left him feathers to fly into France.

CHEAT. I was present;—may I depend on your assistance?

Sir BUZ. Is not our bargain concluded?—on the day of your marriage with my niece, you return me my mortgages, the bill of sale upon my horses, and an acquittance of all demands.

CHEAT. Depend upon it—I have pledg'd my honour;—assist me, and I will pursue my game, though she keeps me at bay every step.

Sir BUZ. Cheaterly, I must look about me; I came down here for the recovery of my health, and am suffering under a precipitate consumption of my purse. Do you think the young clergyman plays fair?

CHEAT. You mean Parson Spruce; could you suspect a divine?

Sir BUZ. Why, yes; I do suspect your divines in their own hair, and boots; many of them I believe have thrown off morality with their wigs, and kicked away religion with their shoes.

CHEAT. But Dr. Spruce has three hundred a year in the church—he won a cool fifty from me.

Sir BUZ. A fifty! I lost more to him than would purchase four years of his income.

CHEAT. Do you want caſh? I can lend you a hundred; here (*gives him a note*) with friends money ſhould be a common commodity.

Sir BUZ. Why I loſt this note to Parſon Spruce laſt night—he gave me a fifty and took it.

CHEAT. Aye, Oh, I had it from him, he gave it to me for a bill on London.

Sir BUZ. Here comes Colonel Staff and old Ordeal yoked together, very naturally, as two aſſes ſhould be; —I deſpiſe them both: the Colonel never ſerved abroad, yet he prates as bold as if he had experienced half a dozen foreign campaigns

CHEAT. And is poor and proud.

Sir BUZ. Yes, but hopes to mend his fortune by marrying my ſiſter; I wiſh him ſucceſs, that they may mutually torment each other.

CHEAT. Mark Ordeal, he is not a leſs extraordinary character than the Colonel, the fellow was a foundling, and never knew his parents, but having acquired a fortune by trade, impudently inſults his betters, by preaching what he calls generoſity.

Sir BUZ. O, confound his generoſity, he is always ſetting a bad example with his charities, relieving widows, providing for orphans, and portioning off young maidens; though ignorant as a Hottentot, he has got himſelf rank'd among the literati, and ſets up for a philoſopher—the fellow has come into life through as many ſhapes as an Orkney Barnacle, he was firſt a block, then a worm, and is now a gooſe.

Enter Colonel STAFF, *and* Mr. ORDEAL.

Col. Ha! ha! ha! I have been accuſing Ordeal of avarice, and he denies the charge.

ORD. I do, avarice, though too often an attendant on age, is a vice foreign to my nature; no man can accuſe me of accumulating money by unjuſt means, or of hoarding it when in my poſſeſſion; whereas avarice is a dropſy of the mind—a diſeaſe that irritates and increaſes by the means uſed to aſſuage its thirſt.

Col. Have you not refuſed to lend me a mere trifle, and being rich, is not that a proof of avarice.

ORD.

Ord. Hear me;—I conſider myſelf an agent, bound to anſwer for the diſtribution of that wealth with which heaven has bleſs'd my induſtry—the charge of avarice is more applicable to the ſpendthrift than the prudent, the ſpendthrift graſps at every man's property; yet no man is accounted avaricious who conforms to the cuſtom of diſſipation; though the ſpendthrift raiſes his rents, and ſtarves his tenantry—borrows money and ruins his friend, or runs in debt, and makes bankrupts of his tradeſmen, if he drives a carriage—keeps a train of ſervants, plays, drinks, and plunges into vice, the world will call him a damn'd generous fellow—I ſpeak my mind—that's my way.

Sir Buz. Well, Colonel, how goes on your affair with my fantaſtical ſiſter? She is a jilt, Colonel.—I hate a jilt.

Col. She will ſoon ſurrender, I have got poſſeſſion of the counterſcarp, and ſhall ſhortly ſet up the ſtandard of matrimony upon the crown of the——

Sir Buz. Horn-work—Eh?

Cheat. The widow has a conſiderable ſhare of the *toujours gai* in her compoſition.

Sir Buz. Too much to promiſe conſtancy; but then you old bachelors have ſuch winning ways—but Colonel, keep a centinel on my ſiſter—time and poſſeſſion are two dangerous pioneers, the firſt moulders the cement by degrees, and the other ſaps the foundation.

Cheat. Then the widow is ſo frank, degagé and good natured, ſhe may grant favours from charity and ſenſibility, which other women would refuſe from principle, or the prejudice of education.

Ord. What Mr. Cheaterly has advanced, contains profound gravity of judgment; but my Clary ſhall have no modern education, I have engaged a maſter to teach her the Claſſics, to manure the ſoil by cultivating the ſeeds of virtue;—yes, I will have Clary cultivated, for ſhe is innocence itſelf: free from the bias of example, ſhe is guided only by the impulſe of pure nature.

Cheat. A young lady could not have a more dangerous preceptor, the impulſe of pure nature will pro-

duce every evil that can ariſe from the politeſt education.

Ord. I am convinc'd ſhe is delicate as the ermine, which would die to preſerve the ſnowy whiteneſs of its fur.

Col. Well ſaid, my old friend, amorous as May, though grey as December.

Ord. Grey! Nay, let me tell you, Colonel, tho' ſnow has fallen upon the mountain, there is ſunſhine in the valley—Clara is an Aurora Borealis, a blaze in the regions of frigidity.

Sir Buz. Ordeal, ſeriouſly, now, are you going to marry this ward of your's for love?

Ord. Seriouſly, I love the girl as I love my life; but if I did not, having no relations nor friends to whom I owe any obligation, I am determined to make her my heir.

Sir Buz. And no doubt ſhe will bring you an heir in return, and then bury you.

Ord. Bury me!—Granted: when I ſleep peaceable under the green turf, let her marry ſome honeſt young fellow, and their children ſhall bear my name.

Cheat. A good way this to raiſe a family without trouble.

Ord. Family, I underſtand your ſneer, I was a foundling it is true, and cannot boaſt anceſtry; yet I have a heart ſuſceptible of the tender feelings and ſweet ſolicitudes of humanity. Though I cannot claim relations of particular deſcriptions, I know Adam and Eve were our primitive parents, therefore, conſider the world one common family, and hold myſelf bound to all mankind by ties of fraternal love.

Sir Buz. And your family kindneſs is not confined to your brothers, but extends to your ſiſters too.

Ord. Clara's father was my friend, we ſerv'd our apprenticeſhip together, ſet up in the ſame branch of trade, he failed, and died poor, but I proſpered—he was a worthy ſoul, and I never ſpeak of him without tears. (*weeps.*)

Cheat.

CHEAT. Ah! very good, Sir Buzzard; becauſe the father was his juvenile friend he would marry the daughter in his old age.

Sir BUZ. A pretty excuſe for a vicious appetite.

Col. Hear, hear!

ORD. Clara's father, when on his death-bed, bequeathed her to me as a legacy, it was a bequeſt of confidence, and I eſteem it more than if it had been a million: he bequeathed her to me an infant without a mother, without relations, without friends, without fortune.—Now, though rich in the liberal gifts of nature, who hath endowed her with an exuberant hand, yet being poor in worldly ſubſtance, ſhe hath but few attractions for a huſband; the knight errants of theſe days are Argonauts—this is the golden age and every thing is bought and ſold.

Sir BUZ. Spoke in the true ſpirit of commerce, my old merchant.

ORD. Let me tell you, Sir Knight, the Spirit of commerce is the beſt ſpirit in the nation; we merchants live by barter and ſale it is true, but take this with you, ſir, probity is our principle, and our character nice as a lady's.

Sir BUZ. Here comes my moiety of mortality—here comes the origin of two thirds of my complaints, with my widow'd ſiſter, the Colonel's tormentor that is to be—ſee, they ſmile at ſome miſchief in embryo—Ah, candied ginger, ſugar on the outſide, fire within, ſweet on the palate, biting on the tongue. Ordeal keep a ſtrict eye upon pure nature, the aloe is moſt bitter when green. (*going.*)

CHEAT. Nay, ſtay, Sir Buzzard.

Sir BUZ. Stay, and my wife coming! excuſe me, I avoid her as I would an epidemic complaint. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady FLIPPANT SAVAGE *and Widow* VOLATILE.

WID. Are you here, Colonel? I follow you as the little bird does the cuckoo—Mr. Ordeal, your moſt obedient,

obedient, how is pretty Clara, and when are we to call her Mrs. Ordeal.—You rear her quite a domeſtic animal, ſhe is never ſeen abroad.

Lady FLIP. Nor at home, ſiſter, not even at the windows.

CHEAT. He fears the ſun will change her complexion.

ORD. She hath indeed a lovely complexion, glowing and bright as the Tyrian dye, not a modern local bluſh, that hides ſhame inſtead of diſcovering it; but ruddy health moving in varied tints—the lily and the roſe vying for pre-eminence on her cheek!—O ſhe is pure nature!

WID. But when introduced to life thoſe roſes will blow, thoſe lilies will fade.

ORD. She ſhall never get into any life, but where they may blow and fade naturally—her real face ſhall never be concealed under a counterfeit; ſome ladies coin complexions, and ſhould be puniſhed for high treaſon in defacing beauty.

CHEAT. Bravo, old Ordeal! bravo!

ORD. I reprobate impoſition of charms! a reverend biſhop declared to me he was married two years before he ſaw his wife's face, and that was by accident.

Lady FLIP. I am aſtoniſhed a gentleman of your age can be ſo ſcandalous, ſo malicious, but it is the nature of waſps to retain their buz after they have loſt their ſting.

WID. Our gaiety provokes their ſpleen; theſe ancient gentlemen rail at women for ſpeaking ſcandal, yet reſort in groupes to every place of public entertainment, ogling with their teleſcope eyes to diſcover blemiſhes on beautiful objects—now here's a piece of antiquity!

(*turning Ordeal round.*)

ORD. I have not pretended to any juvenality ſince the crow's feet appeared near my eyes; nay, don't bite your lips, widow, lines will appear in the ſkin after thirty, and are the harbingers to wrinkles.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

SERV. The chocolate is ready, my lady.

[*Exit Serv.*

Lady FLIP. Siſter, let us in—Mr. Cheaterly—

CHEAT. I attend your ladyſhip.

ORD. Can I pay my reſpects to Conſtance, my old friend's daughter?

Lady FLIP. You will probably find her in the ſtudy—poor Conſtance takes the humbleneſs of her ſituation too much to heart.

[*Exit La. Flip. Cheat. and Wid.*

ORD. Colonel, I knew the father of Conſtance intimately, a ſtout fellow and ſerved his country long and well—he ſerved abroad—

COL. Hem!

ORD. Strict honour was his principle—but alas, he experieneed that was not the medium to promotion—ſo finding carpet ſoldiers like you promoted over his head, he went to India.

COL. This widow of mine, Ordeal, hath a prolific flow of wit and ſpirits.

ORD. Yes, a d egad I thought ſhe ſtruck you dumb—ſhe has a prolific tongue too, ſharp as the arrow of a Bornean Indian, and tipp'd with poiſon; your union with her will be happy—perfectly happy—though I recollect ſhe compared you to a cuckoo, a bird of omen; yes, a cuckoo is a very ominous bird—pray, Colonel, is the widow ſkilled in augury?

COL. Damn your cuckoo! but your ſpeaking of augury, reminds me of a circumſtance at the ſiege of Prague—a flock of rooks———

ORD. I muſt go pay my compliments to Conſtance.

COL. At the ſiege of Prague—when the Pruſſian genadiers advanced (*holds Ordeal.*)

ORD. Were you at the ſiege, Colonel?

COL. My regiment was there—I have ſerved my country.

ORD.

ORD. Oh, yes, you have done great ſervice to your country—at home—by cenſuring thoſe who have fought for her abroad.

[*Exit.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Lady FLIPPANT *and* WELFORD, *ſeated.*

Lady FLIP. SIR, I muſt ſay you preſume too far.

WEL. I ſaw your ladyſhip and admired, and if that be preſumption, who is free from it? admiration naturally produced a more tender emotion—I communicated my feelings to Mrs. Muſlin;—Mrs. Muſlin reported them to your ladyſhip, and your ladyſhip, with a mind, liberal as your perſon is elegant, permits me to throw myſelf at your feet.

Lady FLIP. You have miſconſtrued the liberty I allowed—my houſe is always open to perſons of faſhion, and as a viſitor only I expected you.

(*riſes.*)

WEL. Nay, madam, your privy counſellor informed me I ſhould be admitted into the interior cabinet, and your principal lady in waiting introduced me in form accordingly.

Lady FLIP. And ſhall I call her now, ſir, to ſhew you the way back? (*aſide*) pleaſant impudent fellow.

WEL. You are not ſo cruel—I ſee pardon beaming from your eye, and frolic ſmiling on your cheek.

Lady

Lady FLIP. "And ſhould I pardon from that inſtant, the ſervile ſuppliant, now at my feet, would "loſe all ſenſe of obligation, and from the miſtreſs's "ſlave aſpire to be her tyrant."

WEL. "I neither deſire to be ſlave or tyrant, but "to love upon equal terms—you conſent—I read it in "your eyes—and I am ſecret as the grave."

Lady FLIP. "Secret you may be, but it is not the "mere colour of reputation can protect a woman's "honor.—I might perhaps carry on an intrigue with "ſecrecy, but my mind"———

WEL. "Upon my ſoul I have no deſign upon your "ladyſhip's mind, my heart is captivated; and if I "did not totally miſunderſtand my good friend, and "your ladyſhip's very good friend, Mrs. Muſlin, a "certain perſon, (whom modeſty will not permit me "to name) is not totally indifferent in your opinion."

(*bowing.*)

Sir BUZ. (*within.*) Grace, where is your lady?

Lady FLIP. Sir Buzzard's voice!

GRACE. (*within.*) My lady, Sir!

Sir BUZ. Yes, your lady, ma'am!———

GRACE. (*ſpeaking very loud*) She is in her own room, ſir, but I believe not yet dreſs'd—I'll let her know you want her, ſir.

Enter GRACE.

GRACE. As I hope to be ſaved, here is my maſter, and in one of his gruff humours, quite in a tantrum—the gentleman cannot go out that way—follow me.

Lady FLIP. Into the next room—make haſte

(*puſhing Welford.*)

WEL. I go, perhaps into the interior cabinet—This alarm I truſt will convince your ladyſhip that in love, as in war, delays are dangerous—Go on, Mrs. Grace.

[*Exeunt Welford and Grace.*

Enter Sir BUZZARD. (*he ſits*)

Sir BUZ. What an infernal life I lead!

Lady

Lady FLIP. What has rais'd the ſtorm now?

Sir BUZ. Why aſk!—you know I am married—and married to you—I am my own maſter, and hate impertinent queſtions—I have loſt my money—I am glad of it.—Oh! I wiſh I had never married.

Lady FLIP. (*ſighs*) And I, with all my heart.

Sir BUZ. Yet you leaped at my offer—you were glad to ſnatch at me—

Lady FLIP. Who I? I was ſeduced into the match!—have I not brought reputation to your houſe, ſir?

Sir BUZ. Reputation to my houſe!—you have turn'd my houſe topſy turvy, inſide out; you have irritated me into a complication of complaints, and reduced my fortune to galloping decay—have fretted me down to a mere ſkeleton.

Lady FLIP. Sir, ſome reſpect is due to my birth;—I am daughter to a nobleman, and till honoured with my hand, your family could not boaſt a drop of blood in their veins.

Sir BUZ. No blood in their veins! I, indeed have loſt both fleſh and blood; no blood in my veins!—Have I not lent your brother money—your uncle, money—your couſins money!—which of your honourable, or right honourable relations are out of my debt?——If I had no blood in my veins, how the devil have you and yours bled me ſo plentifully?

Lady FLIP. I deſpiſe your meanneſs—

Sir BUZ. Your family are leeches—I could never ſhake them off.

Lady FLIP. Sir, your connexion with me was an honor, which with all your land and wealth, you had no right to expect. What was your family before your union with me?

Sir BUZ. Men and women.

Lady FLIP. Could they boaſt antiquity?

Sir BUZ. Yes, my grandfather lived to ninety—my father to eighty-ſix.

Lady FLIP. You married me———

Sir BUZ. To perpetuate my family—are you ſatisfied?

Lady

Lady Flip. No, I am not ſatisfied.

Sir Buz. I know it, I know it.—I know it.

Lady Flip. "My anceſtors can be traced to the Nor-
" mans—the Danes—the Saxons."

Sir Buz. " Which only proves you have ſprung
" from pirates and invaders; but what is it to me if
" you were related to the Picts, the Scots, or the Ro-
" mans?—I am a Savage!"

Lady Flip. " Yes, you are a ſavage indeed—

Sir Buz. " And the Savages let me tell you, are the oldeſt and pureſt blood in the country."

Lady Flip. (*aſide*) How ſhall I get rid of him—Sir Buzzard, you don't intend to ſtay here I hope?

Sir Buz. You hope ſo, do you?—I am glad of that, then here I ſhall have a comfortable nap. (*ſits down and compoſes himſelf*)

Lady Flip. (*aſide*) I'll raiſe the ſpirit of contradiction to ſend him off (*draws a chair and ſits by him*) now that is kind, thanks for your company, and I'll read, or ſing a lullaby to compoſe you; ſhall I kiſs you?—come now, ſmile my dear. (*takes off his hat*)

Sir Buz. I hate ſmiling, ſmiling is the cunning covering of deceit, (*riſing*) and kiſſing——am I in a habit of conſtitution for kiſſing?

Lady Flip. Am not I your wife?

Sir Buz. I feel you are—do not roll your baſiliſks—they have loſt their faſcinating powers.

Lady Flip. But you ſhall not go—

Sir Buz. Not go!—I am maſter of my own houſe!

Lady Flip. Then I will be miſtreſs of my time;—I may find a companion.

Sir Buz. With all my heart—a woman who would keep her huſband at home, is worſe than a corn on his foot, there is no ſtirring at eaſe for her!—O that mine were cut off.

Lady Flip. You will go before me though, I ſhall wear weeds for my love—your face looks this inſtant pale as marble, and I can ſee " Here lieth Sir Buzzard Savage," written on your forehead.

Sir Buz. I am ill it is true.

Lady FLIP. Ill! you have a mortal blackneſs under your eyes.

Sir BUZ. Eh! What!

Lady FLIP. Do not ſtare ſo—it alarms me!

Sir BUZ. My head ſwims!——I feel a palpitation here, juſt upon my temple.

Lady FLIP. A dangerous ſymptom.

Sir BUZ. I know it and you are glad of it. Oh, Lord! I ſhall preſently be enrolled on Death's liſt of Bath patients, who die where they come to live for the recovery of their health. [*Exit.*

Lady FLIP. Now to deliver my poor diſtreſſed ſwain from confinement. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another Apartment.*

WELFORD *and* GRACE *diſcovered.*

WEL. Nay, my nonparel—my ſweeteſt, deareſt of all girls, you may believe every word I ſay.

Lady FLIPPANT *appears liſtening at a door in the ſcene*

I have lov'd you——

GRACE. Love me!—dear ſir!—Well, whether you ſpeak truth or no, I like to hear you ſay ſo—yet, I fear you are falſe-hearted, it was my lady you came to viſit.

WEL. Your lady! no, no, child, you were the object, and I got myſelf introduced to the lady, that I might with more eaſe become intimate with the maid.

GRACE. Cannot believe that—my lady is much handſomer than I—What a fine complexion!

WEL. Mere rouge!

GRACE. White teeth!

WEL. For which ſhe's obliged to the Dentiſt—

GRACE. Charming hair!

WEL. All falſe.

GRACE. Then, what polite converſation!

WEL. Pſha, child ſhe has not the native bloom of your cheeks, the nectarine of your lip, the pearl of your

your teeth, the natural curl of your treſſes, nor the wit of your imagination.

GRACE. (*aſide*) How I likes to hear him praiſe me and abuſe my lady!—and you really love me?

WEL. Moſt devoutly—could we not retire to a more private chamber? (*ſhews a purſe.*)

GRACE. Swear you'll not be falſe hearted.

WEL. By Jupiter, Venus, Cupid, and all the Gods and Goddeſſes, never (*ſhakes the purſe*)

GRACE. Then hear me ſwear (*lays her hand upon the purſe*) by this purſe (*takes it*) I like you.

WEL. Take it my girl—take it.

GRACE. And by this ring, I'll (*lays her hand on his ring*)

WEL. My dear don't ſwear ſo often—but kiſs me huſſey—I have a ſecret to tell you.

GRACE. "A ſecret! but may not that ſecret ſpeak "for itſelf hereafter, and diſcover all."

(*Lady Flippant comes forward.*)

Dear ma'am you can't think how the gentleman has been praiſing your ladyſhip's complexion, teeth, hair, and I don't know what.

WEL. Yes, I was praiſing your ladyſhip's—I—I—I—don't know what.

Lady FLIP. There's no impediment now, ſir, to your retiring, and I requeſt you will inſtantly withdraw.

WEL. For the preſent I ſubmit to your rigid and peremptory ſentence;—it is my way never to deny or palliate my faults. When I travel in purſuit of pleaſure, I always take a view of ſuch beautiful ſeats as lie before me, and for the life of me, I could not help caſting an eye on this little ſnug box, which lay ſo convenient to your ladyſhip's manſion houſe. [*Ex.* Welford.

GRACE. I hope your ladyſhip will excuſe me;—I thought I was doing no harm,—I thought your ladyſhip diſmiſſed the gentleman, and your ladyſhip knows we chambermaids have the ſame claim to our lady's caſt lovers, as to their caſt cloaths. [*Exit* Grace.

Lady FLIP. Order chairs, and tell my ſiſter I'll attend her to——Devil take the fellow, yet I admire him for his impudence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Ordeal's Study.

Enter NICHOLAS *and* DOUGLAS, *diſguiſed in a ſhabby Highland Dreſs.*

NICH. And ſo you were recommended by old Corderius, the ſchoolmaſter, to teach our young lady the Latin lingo.

DOUG. Yes; to inſtruct her in the reediments of the dead languages.

NICH. Dead languages! do you mean the languages ſpoken in the other world? for ecod ſhe can chatter glibby enough in the living tongue.

DOUG. I am to inſtruct her, man, in Greek and Latin.

NICH. Greek and Latin! will not that teach her ſtrology and conjuration?

Enter ORDEAL.

Here, Sir, is Mr. a—a—What's your name, Scotchey?

DOUG. Alexander M'Claſſic.

NICH. He's Mr. M'Claſſic, come from Mr. Corderius to learn Miſs Clary the dead languages, which he has got alive at his tongue's end.

DOUG. Here, Sir, are my credentials.

(*Gives a letter.*

ORD. My friend Corderius gives you an excellent character, young man, for honeſty, and literary abilities, and you may begin with your pupil when you pleaſe.

NICH. He has began with her already.

ORD. You are perfect maſter of the claſſics, I preſume.

DOUG. My father keept an academy, where I firſt acquired the roodiments, and after I matriculated at Aberdeen;

Aberdeen; there I made an intimate acquaintance with the philoſophers, Chriſtian and Heathen,—the logicians, mathematicians, aſtronomers, navigators, botaniſts, chemiſts, and aw the tribe of nateral philoſophers.

NICH. What a number of ſcholars are in Aberdeen!

ORD. Be ſilent, fool.

DOUG. As to the claſſics, I am maiſter of Homer, Xenophon, Sophocles, Seneca, Virgil, Ovid, Terence, Salluſt, Livy and Horace.

NICH. Have you learned all thoſe gentlemen?

ORD. Silence, you inquiſitive puppy.

DOUG. I teach them aw, and will make the young lady miſtreſs of them aw.

NICH. Miſtreſs of them all! Ecod ſhe'll never remember half of her ſervant's names! but o' tag, rag, and bobtail; how comes it that with all thoſe ſcholars you've taught, you go ſo poorly? Ecod your cloaths are all in jeopardy. He! he! he!

ORD. Silence. Go you, ſirrah, and call miſs Clara.

NICH. I go—I go—I go—I go—I go—let me ſee—he teaches muſicians, magicians, and phyſicians—and he'll teach her conjuration and ſtar-gazing—and—mum.

[*Exit* Nicholas.

DOUG. You are, I preſume, Sir, a ſcholar.

ORD. I never deny my ignorance—it is my misfortune, and a man ſhould only be aſhamed of his faults,—I do not underſtand a word of any language but my native tongue, except a few phraſes I have picked up,—but I have read moſt Engliſh authors; born in poverty I was debarred the benefit of a liberal education,—I am candid—that's my way.

DOUG. This is a common caſe.

ORD. No doubt one half of the literati are unletter-ed, and like light or Birmingham guineas, paſs for more than they are worth.

DOUG. You intend to marry the lady yourſelf?

ORD. Yes.

DOUG. And you have ſecluded her frae company, aw that was judicious—be cautious what men you introduce to her.

ORD. Yes; and women too.

DOUG. That's right,—recreations which prudence prohibits at home, and decency denies the exerciſe of in public, may eaſily be enjoyed at the preevate houſe of a confidential friend.

ORD. You are right, there are many obliging, convenient, liberal-hearted, female beauty brokers, who ſupport elegance and expence by trading in a contraband commerce of the ſexes.

Enter CLARA *and* NICHOLAS.

Well, my girl,—your tutor has given you a leſſon, I underſtand.

CLA. Yes, Sir. (*Loud knocking.*)

ORD. Who the devil is at the door?—I believe they have got a battering-ram, and are going to ſtorm us after the manner of the Greeks and Romans. [*Ex.* Nich.

Enter NICHOLAS.

NICH. Such ſilks, and ruſtlings!

ORD. What's the matter?

NICH. There are cork rumps—hoops and high heels in the houſe.

ORD. Who knocks at the door?

NICH. They are covered with paint, patches and pomatum.

ORD. Who knock'd at the door?

NICH. Falſe hair, curls and perfumes!—don't blame me, they came upon me unawares; I puſh'd, and they puſh'd—but they puſh'd harder, and overturned me.

ORD. Who overturned you?

NICH. They are full of flirtation, and giggling, and bedizened with gauze and ribbands; Lady Savage and her ſiſter, with their long tails ſweeping behind.

ORD. Lady Savage and her ſiſter! Lady Devil and her imp!—Where are they?

NICH.

NICH. Running all over the houſe—up ſtairs and down ſtairs, to and fro,—in and out—backwards and forwards—round about—here and there, and every where.

ORD. I am not at home,—there is no body at home—we are all out—I'll retire to my cloſet; you will ſtep with me, Mr. M'Claſſic, and do you, my lamb, lock yourſelf up to avoid 'em. [*Exit* Ordeal *and* Douglas.

NICH. He, he, he,—here is a bluſter,—Ecod we ſhall have rare ſport.

Enter LADY FLIPPANT *and the* WIDOW.

Lady FLIP. Where, my dear, in ſuch haſte?

CLA. Indeed I cannot ſtay——muſt I not go, Nicholas?

NIC. Yes, you muſt go,—go—go—go [*puſhing her out.*

WID. Be not alarmed, Miſs, we are Mr. Ordeal's intimate friends.

NICH. Yes, miſs, they are our intimate friends.

Lady FLIP. Come to viſit you, my dear.

NICH. Yes; they are come to viſit us,—my dear.

WID. Where is Sir Ordeal?

NICH. Out—out—out (*Points to the cloſet.*) (*Aſide*) we ſhall have ſwinging fun.

CLA. Ladies, farewell. (*going.*)

WID. Fie, my dear,—it would be impolite to leave company.

NICH. Miſs Clary;—Manners makes the man—we are teaching her the Latin lingo.

WID. Are you very happy, my dear, on being on the verge of matrimony?

NICH. Speak, my dear. (*Lady Flippant and the Widow, ſtand on each ſide of Clara.*)

CLA. I cannot ſay I am very happy; nor I cannot ſay I am diſpleaſed; I do not wiſh to be married, nor have I any objection to a huſband——Heigho!

Lady FLIP. But to confeſs the truth, you have no deſire to marry Mr. Ordeal, he is ſuch an old fellow; though if addreſſed by a handſome, wealthy, good natured youth, you'd—Heigho!

CLA.

CLA. Do not ſpeak diſreſpectfully of my guardian—he is very kind to me.

Lady FLIP. I approve your prudence in preferring an old lover to a young one; after marriage you will no longer be confined like an infant;—then you will enjoy ſuch pleaſure in making his money fly, and in ſeeing him approach the grave.

WID. But for fear he ſhould live too long, be ſure you get him a phyſician.

NICH. A phyſician! O, death!

CLA. My guardian has taught me how a married lady ought to conduct herſelf.

WID. Let us hear, my dear pretty creature.

CLA. I have it by heart; he has taught me that all young men are cunning and deceitful, and that I muſt never liſten to or believe their flattering tongues; that a man and his wife are one perſon, and ſhould act as if inſpired by one ſoul! that a wife ſhould not complain of her huſband to her moſt intimate friends, nor form any connexions without his approbation.

NICH. There's inſtruction for you; you ſee we take care of her ſoul.

CLA. Moreover, he has taught me, that in private a wife ſhould receive no company without her huſband's knowledge, and in public ſhould not think herſelf protected but by his preſence; that ſhe ſhould obey him in all things, and place her higheſt delight in making him happy.

Lady FLIP. Theſe were the duties of a wife in the laſt century,—but we will inſtruct you in the duties of a wife, who would cut a figure in the polite circles of the preſent day.—Siſter, begin.

WID. Muſt conſider matrimony a means to increaſe liberty, and defy ſcandal.

Lady FLIP. Muſt retain your favourite cicisbeo, confidante, maid ſervant and footman.

NICH. That will be, I.

WID. See whom you pleaſe, where you pleaſe, and when you pleaſe.

CLA. That muſt be very pleaſant!—go on.

Lady,

Lady FLIP. Muſt be miſtreſs of your own hours,—turn day into night, and night into day.———

WID. Keep a ſeparate purſe, a ſeparate carriage, and a ſeparate bed.

Lady FLIP. Never attend to œconomy, but ſink, play, and ſquander your money, to the laſt ſhilling, and ſtretch your huſband's credit to the utmoſt.

NICH. Here is work cut out for mantua-makers and milliners.

WID. You muſt always diſſimulate in converſation with your huſband, and when you cannot deceive you muſt inſiſt—if he oppoſes your will, rant, and laugh at him.

NICH. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady FLIP. And if theſe fail, accuſe him of cruelty, ſigh, ſob, weep, ſcream out, and fall into fits.

Enter ORDEAL *and* DOUGLAS.

ORD. I can contain no longer!—out of my houſe!——

Lady FLIP. Shame! Shame! What, liſtening to the private converſation of ladies?

ORD. Private converſation! open, abominable inſtruction,—how can you anſwer to your conſcience, for attempting to poiſon a young creature's morals!—retire, retire, my lamb.——

CLARA. Farewell, ladies.

WID. Adieu, pretty Clara.

Lady FLIP. And remember our inſtructions.

[*Exit* Clara.

ORD. Inſtructions!——down-right libertine principles!—you may laugh, ladies,—you may laugh.—Ha, ha, ha!

Lady FLIP. } Ha, ha, ha!
WID. }

DOUG. Perhaps the ladies think their beauty ſufficient excuſe for their levity,—but ah, they are wrong——naething can atone for want of delicacy, without which there can be nae charms in the face, nae elegance in the perſon.

Enter

Enter Colonel STAFF.

COL. Ordeal, your moſt obedient—call'd at your ladyſhip's houſe, and Miſs Conſtance informed me you were on a viſit here.

WID. We came to ſee Mr. Ordeal's pure nature, and he has affronted us!

COL. Affronted!—impoſſible!

DOUG. Haud your tongue, lady, haud your tongue!—levity degrades a woman; however her name may be elevated by birth, teetle, or fortin.

COL. Who are you?

DOUG. A man.

NICH. Yes, and a ſcholar ecod!

ORD, (*to the women*) Out of my honſe!

Lady FLIP.—I'll prophecy for your comfort, if you marry Clara ſhe'll ſoon draw a compariſon between your winter frown, and the ſummer ſmiles of a pretty fellow.

ORD. I deſpiſe your prophecy—Oracles have long ſince ceaſed; when they exiſted the devil ſpoke through them, which may be your ladyſhip's caſe.

COL. Ordeal take care, I wear a ſword.

DOUG. I weer a ſword.

COL. Do you daar echo my words?

DOUG. Do your daar echo my words?

NICH. Knock out his teeth with one of your hard ones.

COL. Raſcal (*raiſes his hand*).

DOUG. Raſcal! hear firſt, and ſtrike after,—you appear an officer, but I am convinced you are nae ſoldier; touch but a hair o' my head wi' your hand, and the dee'l gang away wi' my ſoul, gin I dinna ſplit you through the crown.

NICH. Sir, Sir, ſhall I bring him the old broad ſword.

COL. There was juſt ſuch a fellow as this at the Havannah——

ORD. There were ſeveral ſuch fellows at the Havannah, and ſuch fellows only could have beaten the brave fellows who defended it,—were you there?

COL.

Col. My regiment did ſervice there—and if it had not been for a damn'd ague,—but no matter,—I overlook this fellow's inſolence,—but Mr. Ordeal, you have been too ſevere on the ladies.

Doug. Too ſevere on the ladies—I am your echo again—zounds, do you take the man for a Shrove-Tide cock, ſet up to receive blows without returning them?

Wid. Let's go, we are not likely to receive protection from the Colonel.

Doug. I ken, madam, what you are.

Wid. Stand off, fellow——

Col. Theſe are ladies of honour.——

Doug. Their honour, like your courage, is in their own poſſeſſion, but remember the character of both is in the opinion of others.

Wid. Do you hear the fellow?

Col. He's mad, and not worth notice.

Lady Flip. Were I Clara, I ſhould prefer a young Indian, though ſure of being his widow, and burning with him in a month, to living with you for an age.

Col. Ordeal, you ſhall anſwer this—but—

Doug. But what dare you ſay?

Col. Say—I ſay—my immediate duty is to attend the ladies.

——[*Exit* Colonel, Lady Flippant *and* Widow.

Ord. My brave Caledonian (*ſhakes hands*) but here, here, ſtep out and get yourſelf new rigged—(*gives Douglas money*).

Nich. Yes, he is out of feather and wants pluming.

Ord. But you, you ſirrah, if ever you let thoſe women enter my doors again, out you go—oh, what a fierce beaſt, and a perilous enemy to the commonwealth, is a wicked woman.

Exeunt.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Lady FLIPPANT SAVAGE *and* GRACE.

GRACE. SHALL I introduce the Gentleman, my lady?

Lady FLIP. Yes,—no,—yes, Grace.

GRACE. I like the gentleman, becauſe he likes your ladyſhip,—and that ſhews him a man of taſte—I go.—(*going*)

Lady FLIP. Stay, Grace,—let me conſider, this interview may be attended with all the ill conſequences of an illicit correſpondence.—What are you muſing on, Grace?

GRACE. I am thinking how very ugly Sir Buzzard is in compariſon with your ladyſhip's lover.——

Lady FLIP. Sir Buzzard's plainneſs, Grace, is not his worſt fault,—it is his peeviſh aſperity of diſpoſition renders him odious to me,—Grace, I will not ſee this gentleman, it will endanger my reputation.——

GRACE. Lay, my lady, but conſider, *my* reputation, my *honour* is pledged,—he is a delightful creature.—Then conſider what an airy, nice dreſſed gentleman he is—and conſider, Sir Buzzard wears flannel under-waiſtcoats, and ſwan-ſkin ſtockings.

Lady FLIP. Can I ever again face Sir Buzzard?

GRACE. If I was your ladyſhip, I would not face my lover too ſuddenly,—no, I would recline upon the ſopha,—(*ſits*) loſt in thinking,—ſo,—with my fan ſhading my face thus, and every thing about me, degagee.——

Lady FLIP. You ſay he waits.——

GRACE. Or when the dear man approach'd, turn ſhort—ſtrike him with the full flaſh of my charms, and ſcream out. Ah!—(*ſcreams and ſtarts up.*)

Lady

Lady FLIP. Are you mad, girl?

GRACE. A thouſand pardons, my lady, but proteſt I am beſide myſelf. *Exit Grace.*

Lady FLIP. There is no retracting, and I think I *will* take him by ſurpriſe.—I'll keep up the appearance of reſentment, and have the ſatisfaction of hearing him humbly plead for pardon—(*ſits with her back to the door*)

Enter GRACE, *and* WELFORD *full dreſſed.*

GRACE. Now you muſt acknowledge I am your friend.

WEL. My ſweet girl, I do acknowledge it—
Exit Grace.
A fine figure! (*taps lady Flippant on the ſhoulder,—ſhe ſtarts*) Madam———

Lady FLIP. Heaven defend me!

WEL. Not from an ardent lover!——

Lady FLIP. (*Aſide*) I cannot ſcold the fellow he looks ſo pleaſant! — Pray, Sir, by what warrant did you come here?

WEL. I underſtand from Mrs. Mullin, by warrant from your own lips,—but the warrant is incomplete till your ladyſhip has affixed the privy ſeal to it (*offers to kiſs her*).

Lady FLIP. A married woman can grant nothing without the conſent of her huſband.

WEL. Well thought on; but I do not come unprepared, man and wife are one perſon, and when a married lady gives me reaſon to think a tete-a-tete would not be diſagreeable, I always take care to bring my authority along with me.

Lady FLIP. But ſuppoſe a lady ſhould acknowledge your authority;—your inclinations, I imagine, Sir, could not eaſily be attach'd to a ſingle object.

WEL. Yes they could,—though I candidly acknowledge I entertain an affection for the whole ſex.

Lady FLIP. Then there is an individual you prefer to the whole ſex?

WEL. There is.

Lady FLIP. Handſome?

WEL. Yes.

Lady FLIP. Senſible?

WEL. Yes.

Lady FLIP. And you really prefer her——

WEL. If I denied it I ſhould be inſincere and unworthy your attention.

Lady FLIP. And pray, Sir, may I enquire, who is the favourite fair?

WEL. Nay, the leſs we ſay, or think of her, the better, ſhe is abſent——

Lady FLIP. Yes, Sir,—I perceive ſhe is abſent—(*walks about*) and you too are abſent.

WEL. Yes, ſhe is abſent,—and—Sir Buzzard is abſent, and we are together,—and you are a fine woman,—and I am——

Lady FLIP. What, Sir?

WEL. A man,—a young man, not a very ill made man, and a very well dreſs'd man, with a briſk flow of ſpirits, a warm heart, and a ſoul which at this inſtant vibrates with ſenſibility.

Sir BUZZARD (*within*). I ſay it is falſe, I left all the papers in London——

Lady FLIP. I proteſt Sir Buzzard is at the door—you muſt be concealed again——

WEL. Unfortunate! (*ſhe puſhes him in.*)

Lady FLIP. You cannot get out of that room till I pleaſe—(*ſits.*)

Enter Sir BUZZARD SAVAGE, *and* GRACE *walking lame.*

GRACE. Oh, mercy, Sir, you have ruined me; oh, my lady, my lady, oh, oh, I ſhall faint with pain; juſt when I got to the door, there was my maſter, and not knowing it, I run plump againſt him, and he trod upon my foot,—oh,—but it is much better.

Sir BUZ. (*ſits.*) A meſſenger is come down from London for the title deeds of Proſpect Farm,—do you know where they are?

Lady

Lady Flip. What ſhould I know about your muſty parchments?

Sir Buz. Why not?—you ſpend the rents faſt enough—but I remember now, they are in a box that lies in the wardrobe in that room, and——

Grace. La, Sir,—I will get it.

Sir Buz. You are not tall enough to reach it.

Grace. But I can ſtand on a chair, Sir, though I need not do that,—our new footman is in the cloſet ſettling your cloaths, Sir,—yes, Sir,—our new footman, Sir, is in the cloſet ſett'ling your honour's wardrobe, and he'll help me.

[*Exit Grace.*

Lady Flip. (*aſide*) What can ſhe mean? ſhall I deſire Grace to bring the box out to you?

Sir Buz. No, let the footman bring it out, I have not ſeen him yet,—Grace, bid the fellow bring in the box.

Grace. (*within.*) He's taking it down, Sir.

Sir Buz. Leave it in the cloſet, I muſt get ſome other papers out of the ſcrutore (*riſes*).

Enter Grace *and* Welford *in a Livery, with a box.*

Grace. Come, young man, I'll get you my lady's cards for Wedneſday's route, and they muſt be delivered immediately.

Lady Flip. (*aſide.*) What a metamorphoſis!—you'll be expeditious.

Sir Buz. A good looking fellow;—but ſtand off;—he is enough to ſuffocate a man with perfume! What's your name, Civet Cat?

Wel. (*in a ſtrange brogue*) What's my name? I was chriſten'd Patrick, your honour.

Sir Buz. An Iriſhman!—eh,—heav'n knows we had blunderers enough in the family before,—(*looking on the box*)—this is the wrong box.

Exit Sir Buzzard into the cloſet.

Grace. Yes, we have all got into the wrong box (*aſide*).

Wel. When next we meet—[*Exit.*

Grace. Nothing could be more lucky, my lady, —the new livery that came home for your laſt footman George, lay in the bottom of my maſter's wardrobe. I muſt ſee him ſafe out—

[*Exit.*

Lady Flip. This is too mortifying, it hurts my pride—had I met a man of a generous diſpoſition—but here comes my torment, and reflection flies.

Enter Sir Buzzard *with* Welford's *Cloaths.*

Sir Buz. I have found more than I fought for, Lady Flippant;—who am I to thank for this addition to my wardrobe?

Lady Flip. Theſe cloaths!—you mean theſe cloaths!—he, he, he,—they are really very pretty cloaths—you like them, my dear?

Sir Buz. No, I don't like them, my dear; and who the devil did they come from, my dear? and to whom do they belong, my dear?

Lady Flip. Elegant manufacture?—nothing like it made in England.

Sir Buz. Where did they come from?

Lady Flip. Paris.

Sir Buz. Who owns them.

Lady Flip. They are your cloaths, my love!——

Sir Buz. Mine! Did you ever ſee me wear ſuch frippery?

Lady Flip. Yes, yours poſitively; but I did not intend you ſhould have ſeen them—they were ſmuggled!

Sir Buz. Smuggled.

Lady Flip. Yes, ſmuggled from Paris, by my milliner, and ſent here for the purpoſe of ornamenting you, my ſweet love!——

Sir Buz. Sweet love!—now that's fulſome—yet thou art my ſweet love!

Lady Flip. Am I?——(*ſmiling.*)

Sir Buz. Yes, like an apothecary's doſe,—my bitter ſweet.—

Lady

Lady FLIP. How ill-natur'd—but no matter, you ſhall wear theſe cloaths at the ball this evening.

Sir BUZ. I will not.

Lady FLIP. You ſhall.

Sir BUZ. Damn me if I do.

Lady FLIP. Very well, Sir, then I'll ſend 'em back.

Sir BUZ. They ſhall not be ſent back, I begin to like them,—a good colour, and not too gaudy.—I'll keep them.

Lady FLIP. Keep them.

Sir BUZ. Yes, and wear them.

Lady FLIP. Wear them,—where?

Sir BUZ. At the ball this evening.—

Lady FLIP. I fear you will take cold.

Sir BUZ. You wiſh I ſhould take cold, but I will not take cold,—and I will wear the cloaths; you lay out a revenue on your back, and I will, at leaſt for this once, follow your example.—I'll keep the cloaths, and go to the ball in them this evening.

Lady FLIP. (*Aſide*) The ſmuggled cloaths are fairly forfeited.

Enter GRACE.

GRACE. Dinner, my Lady!—(*Seeing the cloaths*) bleſs me!

Lady FLIP. (*Apart.*) Silence, all is well.—Sir Buzzard you ſee found the cloaths I ordered Mrs. Muſlin to procure him from Paris.

GRACE. Well, I am ſure, Sir, my Lady has fitted you nicely, and I admire her taſte, that I do; but will you wear them, Sir?

Sir BUZ. Yes, wear them, Sir!

GRACE. Not 'till after dinner, Sir.

Sir BUZ. Directly, Mrs. Prate,—I will ſurprize the company in them:—let dinner be kept back.

[*Exit* Sir Buzzard *with the cloaths.*

GRACE. It was a lucky hit he did not find the gentleman's ſword—yet little matter if he had, for intri-

going with an incumbrance about him; but how ſhall I get him away?

Lady Flip. Poor ſoul! he muſt have patience—contrive to convey him through the garden, to a chair, he may pretend he is a ſervant taken ill, which will blind ſuſpicion.

[*Exit* Lady Flippant.

Grace. Well thought on,—my Lady's no fool, but ſhe muſt be a great fool indeed, who could not make a fool of a huſband.

[*Exit* Grace.

SCENE II. *Ordeal's Houſe.*

Enter Nicholas and Clara.

Nich. He, he, he, lack a daiſy, Miſs Clara—the Scotchman looks gaily in his new cloaths,—he is a brave youth,—what a leg (*looks at his leg*)—but I have got more of the calf.

Cla. Yes, a good deal more calf, Nicholas;—but what can be the reaſon that while he's teaching me, he ſighs as piteouſly as if in pain,—it goes to my heart to hear him without being able to give him eaſe.

Nich. Why—why—ecod now, Miſs Clary, when you ſpeak to me, it makes me ſigh, and gives me the heart-burn.

Cla. What would you have me do, good Nicholas?

Nich. What would I have you do? I'll tell you—ecod I cannot—but I'll tell you what the Scotchman ought to do—he,—he ought.—

Cla. What!

Nich. Ecod, he ought to,—to—Sugar and Honey!—what red lips you have!

Cla. What ought he to do?—

Nich. What ought he to do!—why he ought to—how old are you?

Cla. Do not tantalize me, Nicholas!

Nich,

NICH. Well, I'll tell you, he ought to—bleſs my eyes, what a fine face ſhe has!—he ought to—he ought to—what pretty buckles yours are!—he ought to,—well, ſhake hands, I will tell you (*takes her hand*) ſoft as ſattin,—he ought to—ecod, I ſhould like to do it.

CLA. Do what?

NICH. I mean no offence—but he ought to—(*kiſſes his hand*) that's what he ought——

CLA. Oh, ſhame, Nicholas,—ſhame.

NICH. What ſhame!—liſten to me,—and I won't go behind the buſh with you—my maſter is a fool, and thinks no body knows any thing but himſelf—Now, when I ſee a young man and a young lady together,—and hear them ſigh, and ſee them ogle—why, I ſigh myſelf, and I—I—ecod, I know what's what.

CLA. And what is it you know, Nicholas?

NICH. That the Scotch ſcholard loves you, and that you like the Scotch ſcholard—I've been in love, and I've never think of it, but—Oh, but I can tell you how it diſturbs me—(*whiſtles.*)

CLA. And I am diſturbed too—heigh ho!

S O N G.

What wakes this new pain in my breaſt?
This ſenſe that lay dormant before?
Lie ſtill, buſy flutt'rer, and reſt,
The peace of my boſom reſtore.
What wakes, &c.

Why trickles in ſilence the tear,
This ſighing—ah! what does it mean?
This mixture of hope and of fear,
Where once all was mild and ſerene.——
What wakes, &c.

Some pleaſingly anxious alarm,
Now warms and then freezes my heart,
Some ſoft irreſiſtible charm,
Alternate gives pleaſure and ſmart.
What wakes, &c.

Enter

Enter ORDEAL *and* DOUGLAS, *in a neat Scotch Dreſs.*

ORD. Clara, your tutor tells me, you make an aſtoniſhing progreſs in your Grammar, and I am to hear you ſpeak a leſſon,—bring chairs, Nicholas *(they ſit)*.

DOUG. Ha you got your Grammar, lady?

CLA. Yes, Sir, I have been ſtudying my laſt leſſon *(takes a Grammar from her pocket)*.

DOUG. Be ſeated, lady, *(they ſit)*.

ORD. Modeſt creature!—how the bluſh mantles on her cheek!—don't be aſhamed, Clary—Mac Claſſic *(takes Douglas aſide)* what a ſubject for ſpeculation—ſhe is an orange tree, poſſeſſing at once the ſprightly verdure of the ſpring, the ſweet bloſſom of the ſummer, and the ripe fruit of autumn. It revives me to look on her.

NICH. It revives us to look on you.——

ORD. What think you of her eyes,—they ſhoot arrows of deſire into the heart, but on her lips lies an honied ſalve to heal the wound.

DOUG. *(agitated)* Will you hear her repeat a leſſon?

ORD. See her mouth, a door of coral, opening to a colonade of pearl.

NICH. Then her boſom, your honour.

ORD. Where the devil is the fellow going? *(ſhakes him)*.

DOUG. *(aſide)* My ſpirits are ſo agitated, I ſhall betray myſelf.

ORD. Come, my lamb—begin—there is a mild creature, wax of my own faſhioning, and I have moulded her into the very temper of my affections.——

NICH. She can give you Latin for every thing about you.

ORD. Reſtrain your tongue, ſirrah. Go on with your leſſon, ſweeteſt, and never mind this fellow.

CLA. *(Tenderly)* Amo, I love, *(looks at Douglas)* amas, thou loveſt, *(looks at Ordeal)* amat, he loves!

DOUG. *(Sighs)* Oh!

CLA. Amamus, we love. Oh! *(ſighs)*.

NICH.

NICH. He, he he, amo—I love!

ORD. Silence, raſcal!—but, Mac Claſſic, are the firſt leſſons in Lilly's grammar upon love?

DOUG. Aw grammars begin wi it, Sir—becauſe love is the primœval principle of nature.

NICH. He, he, he!

ORD. Out of the room, you ſcoundrel!

NICH. I go, zir. Amo, I love, amo, you love, amo, he loves, amo, we love,—he, he, he!

[*Exit* Nicholas.

DOUG. Shall we proceed, Sir.

ORD. If you pleaſe.

Re-enter NICHOLAS.

NICH. There are three poor people below you deſired to call.

ORD. I ſhall return directly.—*(Nicholas following)* Where are you going? Stay here,—Clara may want ſomething—you'll give her a leſſon now, Mr. M'Claſſic—I think ſhe has got enough of amo and amas.

[*Exit* Ordeal.

NICH. Zooks! he's jealous, zure as a gun, and left me here to watch you—but ecod, I'll be no ſpoil-ſport—ſo teach away—I love, you love—he loves.

[*Exit* Nicholas.

CLA. What are you muſing on?—I like to hear your inſtructions when we are alone.

DOUG. *(aſide)* To ſeduce ſuch innocence would be damnable; when you are married to Mr. Ordeal, my inſtructions will no longer pleaſe—you love him?

CLA. I do indeed, as much as if he was my father,—but I never think of him when you are preſent.

DOUG. Then you love him from gratitude?

CLA. Juſt ſo!—could I have any other motive?—If there be any other kind of love, I wiſh you'd let me know it.

DOUG. There is another kind,—give me your hand—there is a love known by its effects, it beats on the pulſe, trembles on the breath, gives eyes to the thoughts, and thoughts to the eyes.

CLA.

CLA. O la! then I'm ſure you are in love, for your eyes ſpeak and laugh,—why did you touch my hand?—indeed—indeed, I'm afraid I have taken it from you—I hope there's no danger in it.

DOUG. Love is the child of deſire, nurs'd by delight—weaned by inconſtancy, conſumed by neglect, kill'd by diſſembling, and buried by ingratitude.

CLA. How cruel to kill it.

DOUG. But then 'tis the parent of jealouſy, the diſuniter of friendſhip, and cauſe of diſobedience; an arbitrary tyrant of the mind, that triumphs over wiſdom, tramples upon prudence, and vanquiſhes even virtue.

CLA. O, you fright me with that deſcription.

DOUG. But where virtue is the baſis of this paſſion, it produces the utmoſt happineſs enjoyed on earth, and gives mortals a taſte of heaven!

CLA. Now that is delightful! and to tell you the truth I have heard my guardian ſpeak of it, but I could never feel it in his hand as I did in your's; he ſays—"love is fire full of cold—honey full of gall—and pleaſure full of pain;—but I ſee he knows nothing of the matter;—are you really in love?

DOUG. Yes, my dear, deeply—deeply;—but why do you aſk?

CLA. Becauſe——

DOUG. Here comes Mr. Ordeal.

CLA. *(Aſide)* I wiſh he was in Jericho.

Enter ORDEAL.

ORD. Very well—very well—here Nicholas!—where's the raſcal? Clara, my dear, ſeek him, and give orders for dinner, there's a good girl. (*Kiſſes her hand*).

CLA. Heigho! (*looks at Douglas*)—(*to Ordeal*) I obey, Sir. [*Exit* Clara.

ORD. An amiable, modeſt creature, Mr. M'Claſſic—nothing ardent in her diſpoſition, has no more idea of love than an infant, yet a charming fertilizing conſtitution,

tion, but chaſte as ice,—" her heart like the ſalamander—cold, cold, in the midſt of flame."

Doug. Virtue beams in her een, and animates her countenance; like the finiſhing touches of the painter, it enlivens the portrait, and increaſes the beauty of the object.

Ord. Poetically conceiv'd, and prettily pronounc'd; yes, ſhe ſhrinks from the touch like the ſenſitive plant—you have a prolific imagination, Mr. M'Claſſic, conſidering you come from a northern climate, (*viewing Douglas*)—yet Mr. M'Claſſic, there is no judging of a woman's chaſtity, who has never been in the way of temptation.

Doug. Very true, Sir.

Ord. And women are virtuous in proportion to the temptations they withſtand.

Doug. A juſt concluſion, Sir.

Ord. Then you think it would be difficult to find a young inexperienced girl proof againſt promiſes, ſighs and tears—and who could withſtand the cunning inſinuations of a lover.

Doug. Certainly, Sir.

Ord. Well, I think differently; I think I could truſt Clara—but ſhe's a nonpareil—yes, cool as a cucumber in a hot-bed—yet not prone to vegetation——but, M'Claſſic, I have an experiment to make, and you muſt aſſiſt me.

Doug. Command me, Sir.

Ord. Clara I think is a pure lamb.

Doug. Sir, there can be no doubt; but you were ſpeaking of an experiment, Sir.

Ord. I have fortified her mind with motals, which will prove a ſhield to her by day, and a breaſt-plate by night.——But the experiment—you muſt be my inſtrument.

Doug. In what reſpect, Sir?

Ord. To ſound the depth of her inclinations,—to feel how the pulſe of her affection beats towards me.

Doug. Sir!

Ord.

ORD. If she should not like me—but that is a point for future consideration—if she should like me, I will marry her in the morning.

DOUG. Marry her, Sir!

ORD. Yes, marry her, Sir.

DOUG. And in the morning. O my heart! and must I lose her after all?

ORD. In the morning—I have had a special licence sometime—yes, she loves me—I know she loves me—and soon as we have dined, I will go to Sir Buzzard's, to engage him and his friends to attend the ceremony. In the mean time you must try the experiment—come in to dinner, and I'll give you further instructions.

[*Exeunt* Ordeal *and* Douglas.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Sir Buzzard's.*

Enter Sir BUZZARD *and* CHEATERLY. *Sir Buzzard in Welford's Cloaths.*

CHEAT. CONSIDER, Sir Buzzard, we are in danger of a discovery every instant.

Sir BUZ. What can I do?—Would you have me court a girl for you? Besides, this business raises a qualm in my conscience.

CHEAT. Conscience!

Sir BUZ. Yes, conscience!—my conscience cannot boast such extensive latitude and longitude as your's,—you have a convenient conscience, it stretches or contracts like India rubber; your conscience is a servant of all work—which you discharge at a moment's warning.

Enter

Enter Colonel STAFF.

COL. May the fire of a platoon never again raiſe my ſpirits, but it would be better for a man to attack a breach daily, and on a forlorn hope, than to ſit down before a coquet.

CHEAT. "Have you ever attacked a breach, Colonel?"

Sir BUZ. You hear he has attacked a widow, and upon a forlorn hope.

COL. I ſay, Sir, your ſiſter is a coquet.

Sir BUZ. I ſay ſhe is a downright jilt. He who confides in the ſex will be deceived—I deſpiſe them.

CHEAT. Yet keep a girl in a corner.

Sir BUZ. "But not from affection to the girl. I keep her becauſe it pleaſes my humour, and vexes my wife." You know the ſex but ſuperficially; there is my rib, when we married, ſhe was all delicacy and good humour, and from her ſmooth behaviour and oily tongue, I conſidered her a miracle of goodneſs. But the wind ſoon veer'd about, and before the end of the honey-moon blew a rank ſtorm.

COL. "Talking of ſtorms."

Sir BUZ. "Hear me out—Upon refuſing to indulge her in ſome faſhionable ſubſcriptions, there was a total eclipſe of the amiable, her paſſion ſwell'd like a roaring ſea, producing nothing but fury, outrage and noiſe."

Enter ORDEAL *and* WIDOW.

ORD. I forgive you, madam,—I forgive you—being determined to marry Clara in the morning.

Sir BUZ. Ordeal, I underſtand they have been abuſing you—but their beſt friends can't 'ſcape their malignity—they have tongues of charcoal, with which they are for ever blackening or burning characters.

ORD. I ſhall immediately ſet off with my bride for London, from whence we will proceed on the grand tour.

CHEAT. Have not I heard you exclaim againſt the grand tour.

ORD. You have heard me exclaim againſt ſending our youth abroad without a proper controul. You have heard me ſay, that on ſuch expeditions they too often contaminate their native virtue and conſtitutions, by bartering the honeſt habits acquired in old England, for the gew-gaw ornaments, and deſpicable effeminacies of the Continent.

WID. Pray, Mr. Ordeal, what retinue do you travel with?

CHEAT. The young Scotchman, Pure Nature's tutor, no doubt will make one.

Sir BUZ. I wiſh he may not make two; I ſpeak my mind, Ordeal.

WID. What, the Colonel's friend! ſplit you thro' the crown?

COL. She is at it again—madam, you ſhould recollect.

WID. Then I ſuppoſe you will no longer reſtrain her taſte in dreſs—but allow her to throw off her preſent thin attire, and appear like a fathionable chriſtian—in feathers and a hoop.

ORD. A hoop! no—it makes a woman appear like a walking ſphere, encircled from the nadir to the meridian—and if the effeminacy of the men was not ſo well known, one would be apt to imagine that the women were all in a ſtate of—But I will not ſpeak my mind now,—though it is my way.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Coffee is ſerved in the ſaloon, madam.

CHEAT. Have you ſeen Miſs Conſtance? (*aſide to the ſervant*)

SERV. I believe, Sir, ſhe is reading in the garden.

(*Exit* Servant.

ORD. Sir Buzzard, I admire your dreſs,—you look as fine—as—as the King of Pruſſia in wax-work.

(*Exit* Ordeal.

COL. (*To the widow*) ſhall I have the honor of your hand, Madam?

WID.

Wid. No, Sir, I ſhall never give my hand to a man who has loſt my good opinion.

[*Exit* Widow.

Col. (*To Sir Buzzard*)—Do you hear that?

Cheat. After her.

Sir Buz. After her purſe you mean.

Col. Capricious woman! (*running turns round*)—I once knew a Major—

Sir Buz. Know the Widow, man.—

Col. A Major in the forty-ſecond.

Cheat. Away with you, (*they puſh him out.*)

[*Exit* Colonel.

Cheat. You will excuſe me to the ladies—Conſtance you hear is in the garden, I will ſeek her, and for the laſt time plead my paſſion, but if ſhe perſeveres in rejecting my addreſſes, I have your conſent to carry her by ſtratagem.

[*Exit* Cheaterly.

Sir Buz. Carry her off any way and I will be ſatisfied.——

[*Exit* Sir Buzzard.

SCENE II.——*A Grotto.*

Conſtance diſcovered ſitting, ſleeping, with a handkerchief over her face—a book near her.

——*Enter* Cheaterly.

Cheat. Aſleep!—to diſturb her would offend delicacy—and I muſt ſooth her,—I will ſit here till ſhe wakes. Here comes one of the ſervants. (*Retires.*)

Enter Welford, (*His ſword under his arm.*)

Wel. How my landlady will laugh to ſee me thus capariſon'd,—a woman ſleeping, by the God of Love!—what a fortunate fellow am I!—no ſooner does one adventure vaniſh than another preſents itſelf to my view—how gently ſhe breathes,—the gale is reviving,—(*ſhe ſighs*) a ſigh of ſenſibility,—poor ſoul!—it were pity ſhe ſhould ſigh in vain. Yes, I will ſee her face.

(*takes off the handkerchief*) O, Heavens!——it is Conſtance—my life!—my heaven!—(*embraces her*).

CON. Help!—oh, help!——

Enter CHEATERLY.

CHEAT. Unhand the lady, villain!

CON. O, Heavens, it is De Courcy!——

WEL. Ha! is it you? I have met my bleſſing and my curſe.

CHEAT. De Courcy!——

WEL. I have been your dupe, Sir, and I know it. ——Am well inform'd of thoſe combinations by which you defrauded me,—and am determin'd, Sir, to give the law it's courſe.

CHEAT. I ſcorn to retort your aſſertions,—you have been a dupe to your own folly. Pride, and high ſounding language but ill ſuit with the meanneſs of your appearance, aſſumed for the purpoſe of ſome low intrigue,—metamorphoſe into a gentleman, and I'll enforce ſatisfaction for this inſolence.

[*Exit* Cheaterly.

CON. O, I ſhall faint.

WEL. My dear love,—pardon the momentary neglect into which paſſion led me.——I have been but one day in England—to-morrow I ſhould have gone for York,—my ſoul was all impatience to ſee you.——

CON. What, in a livery!

WEL. A livery—yes,—it is a diſguiſe I own, worn for a purpoſe I'll not attempt to palliate or juſtify—but your appearance like a heavenly viſion inſpires me with virtuous thoughts.

CON. I do not urge an explanation which muſt increaſe your confuſion.

WEL. I will explain all another time.—Here comes ſome of the family.

Enter Sir BUZZARD *and* ORDEAL.

Sir BUZ. Theſe alarms will ruin my conſtitution,—it was fortunate I took bark this morning, or my whole nervous

nervous ſyſtem would be ſhaken to pieces.——Where is this gentleman?——Cheaterly tells me a ſtranger has been rude to you, have you turn'd him out, Patrick?

Con. (*To Ordeal*) Sir, I ſhall ſend a letter to your houſe immediately, to which I implore your attention—I am wretched, you were my father's friend.

Ord. Madam, if I was not, I am a man, and every thing that affects my fellow-creatures concerns me.

[*Exit* Conſtance.

Sir Buz. Patrick,—do you hear?—no anſwer,—I ſhall never recover my health,—don't irritate me, raſcal.——

Wel. Raſcal!—to whom do you addreſs yourſelf?

Sir Buz. To you, ſcoundrel——

Wel. Why, you deſpicable,—that epithet again, and this ſword.——

Sir Buz. This is no Iriſhman!—what the devil is become of your brogue?—who are you?

Wel. A gentleman!——

Ord. A gentleman!—ha, ha, ha, this is good!—a gentleman in a livery!—but which are you? a gentleman in waiting, or a gentleman of the road?

Sir Buz. Ah, ah! I now ſee how I came by the new ſuit, ſmuggled from Paris.

Ord. The ſervant is mad, and Sir Buzzard has caught the contagion.

Sir Buz. I have it here. (*Striking his head.*)

Ord. What have you there?

Wel. Nothing that I know of, upon my honour.

Ord. Nothing in your maſter's head? How dare you joke with your betters, young man?

Sir Buz. I ſhall be the laughing-ſtock of fools and jeſt of the malignant.

Enter Grace.

Grace. Oh, dear, ſure there is no harm done! It is all my fault,—Miſs Conſtance is ready to break her heart;—you muſt know, Sir, I was the only perſon in the houſe who knew this gentleman, he is her lover,

and he wheedled me, and wheedled me, till I conſented to bring him into the houſe, and ſo I ſhut him into my lady's cloſet.

Wel. The girl tells the truth.

Ord. He is a gentleman, and you ſhut him up in your lady's cloſet. (*To Sir Buzzard.*) Now, I ſee what you conceive in your head.

Grace. And ſo, Sir, my lady coming in, the gentleman was oblig'd to lie cloſe.

Sir Buz. And he wheedled you, and wheedled you, —"And he lay cloſe,—Eh"—and he never ſaw your lady?

Grace. Never ſaw her, as I hope to be ſaved!

Wel. You hear the girl ſwear.

Ord. O, it's plain there was nothing between them.

Grace. "Nothing between them indeed, Sir, that is the naked truth." [*Exit* Grace.

Sir Buz. Then give me leave, Sir, to enquire who you are? and what are your pretenſions to viſit my niece?

Wel. As to my pretenſions, Sir, nothing can be better founded,—I love the lady,—but what is ſtill more material, the lady has long ſince confeſs'd that ſhe loves me.

Ord. Candid and open.

Sir Buz. And your name is De Courcy?

Wel. To that name I was born, but an old good natured uncle taking it into his head to viſit elizium—in obedience to his will, and in gratitude for ſixteen hundred pounds a year, I now bear the name and arms of Welford.

Ord. You ſeem an honeſt fellow, worthy the love of Conſtance.

Sir Buz. What is his honeſty to me? I am to inform you, Sir, the father of Conſtance is dead; I am her natural guardian, and you ſhall never have my conſent to marry her.

Wel. May I never obtain her conſent, if ever I aſk yours.

Sir Buz. She has not a shilling fortune.

Wel. I am glad of it, I have sufficient fortune for both,—I will settle a fortune on her.

Ord. A fellow of noble generosity!——

Sir Buz. There is a gentleman, I am determined she shall marry.

Wel. Mark me,—let that gentleman be whom he may, if he presumes to speak to her, write to her,—or even thinks of her as a wife, I shall make him such an example—but this is losing time,—farewell, I must wait on Constance. (*going.*)

Sir Buz. (*Opposing him.*) You shall not go an inch into my house,—that is your way out.

Wel. I will go into any man's house, Sir, where she is,—debar me access to my love!—Were you the Grand Signor, and detain'd her, I would force the inmost recesses of your seraglio, put you to death in the midst of your Janissaries, and carry her off in triumph.

Ord. I do not often swear, it is not my way, but damn me if I would not assist you.

Sir Buz. Nay then we must try your courage, (*lays his hand upon his sword*)—O, for an estringent to brace my nerves.

Wel. Excuse me from running you through the body while you wear my cloaths; that coat is in excellent taste, and I cannot think of running it through the body.——

Ord. A soldier and a wit!

Sir Buz. Take it, take it; (*throws off* Welford's *coat*)—now let me see if you get into my house. (*draws.*)

Ord. What going to fight a duel!—Oh, for shame!—duelling is a mode of satisfaction unworthy gentlemen, practis'd now by every vulgar fellow;—people of fashion should explode it.

Sir Buz. (*Trembling.*) You know I pay great respect to your opinion,—and if,—but he shall not go into my house.

Ord.

ORD. Consider what an improper place for quarrelling.

WEL. You are right, Sir, this is too cold a situation for stripping;—(*takes up the cloaths and hands them to* Ordeal.) now for Constance, love, and happiness.

[*Exit* Welford, *running.*

ORD. Bravo, my boy!—bravo!

Sir BUZ. Sure some malign evil has determin'd to make me ridiculous!—let me after him. (*Ordeal holds him.*)

Enter Lady FLIPPANT, MUSLIN, *and* GRACE.

Lady FLIP. Are you mad, Sir Buzzard?

Sir BUZ. Stark mad!

ORD. Nearly stark naked mad.

Sir BUZ. The cloaths,—the smuggled cloaths you provided for me.

Lady FLIP. } Ha, ha, ha!
ORD. }

Sir BUZ. Away! you old——get home;—perhaps your Scotch tutor may prepare Pure Nature for the grand tour, and provide you more company than you expect.—Why did I marry?—why plunge into a mortal disease, for which there is no remedy but poison,—no relief but death?

[*Exit* Sir Buzzard.

ORD. Can I see Constance?

Lady FLIP. She is lock'd up in her own apartment to avoid her lover.

ORD. To avoid him!—He is a noble fellow, and she must have him;—I will in to Sir Buzzard, and argue this case;—He presumes to controul this young lady, his niece, by parental authority; but I will convince him, the principle of that authority is to make our children or wards happy,——not miserable.

[*Exit* Ordeal.

MUS. Sir Buzzard is in a horrid rage.

Lady FLIP. I must contrive to appease him. Constance I suppose has her suspicions;—an amiable girl—I really

—I really love her, pity her ſituation, and am determined never to ſee Welford again, but for the purpoſe of facilitating a marriage between them.—I muſt alſo effectuate a breach between my ſiſter and this puſillanimous colonel.

Mus. That may be eaſily accompliſhed—the widow has no ſmall ſhare of vanity.

—Lady Flip. True!——

Mus. We muſt perſuade her ſhe was the object of Mr. Welford's admiration.

—Grace. I will ſwear he brib'd me to introduce him to her.

Mus. And I will contrive to get her and the gentleman together at my houſe, and your ladyſhip ſhall ſend the Colonel to ſurprize them, which will produce an irreconcileable quarrel.

Lady Flip. Here comes the widow—do you lay the train.

Enter the Widow Volatile.

Wid. De Courcy is gone, after a very loud altercation with Cheaterly, which terminated in mutual vows of vengeance; he charges Cheaterly with having impoſed on him at play.

Lady Flip. There is nothing ſcandalous in that—play has become a ſcience, faſhionable in practice, and like other *faux pas*, 'tis only blameable in diſcovery. Pray how has Conſtance behaved?

Wid. Remains locked up in her own room, and perſeveres in denying an interview to her lover:—this De Courcy is in my opinion a charming fellow.

Lady Flip. But I muſt know for what purpoſe he was brought into my cloſet.—I am certain Conſtance was not the object; ſo ſpeak Grace.

Grace. Well, my lady, the truth is, the gentleman came after the widow.

Lady Flip. I thought ſo,—this duplicity, ſiſter, hurts me.

Grace.

GRACE. Dear, my lady, it is all my fault,—the gentleman ſaw Mrs. Volatile at the play with your ladyſhip, and ſent for me in the morning—and,—but am I ſure of pardon if I tell?

Lady FLIP. Yes, if you tell nothing but the truth.

GRACE. Well, my lady, the poor young gentleman to be ſure ſwore bitterly he was ſmitten;—by all the Gods, ſays he, ſhe is one of the moſt beautifuleſt,—moſt youngeſt, and moſt elegant creatures my eyes ever beheld!—but I, telling him as how ſhe was poſitively engaged to colonel Staff,—then he began to curſe,——

WID. Why preſume to tell him ſo?—Who gave you knowledge of my engagements?

Lady FLIP. Hear the girl, ſiſter; (*aſide*) ſhe's caught.

GRACE. Do'at be angry, madam,—I told him, madam—think no harm, and ſo he curs'd, and call'd on Heaven, and poor gentleman ſigh'd ſo, that I took pity on him, and by his perſuaſions and promiſes brought him into the cloſet, where he was to have been concealed,—Yes, ma'am—'till I could have contriv'd to have brought you into the room, which I ſhould have done, but that my lady firſt came, and then Sir Buzzard, who made up the noiſe that diſturb'd the houſe.

Lady FLIP. You are an impudent girl, go wait in my dreſſing-room 'till my coming.

GRACE. Yes, my lady,—but oh, ſure, you don't intend to diſcharge me,—what could I do when ſo pretty a gentleman knelt to me, and cried to me for aſſiſtance—and ſqueez'd my hand, and forc'd a purſe into my boſom.—Oh! oh! (*crying, apart to the widow*)—you will ſpeak to my lady.

WID. I will, Grace! (*apart*) there, (*gives money*)—let me ſee you preſently.

[*Exit* Grace, *laughing.*

A pretty ſcheme this!—your maid, Lady Flippant, has uſed me well—did I ever make any poſitive engagements with the Colonel?

Lady FLIP. I hope not, but really you take ſuch pains to torment each other, I was apprehenſive you were privately married.

WID.

Wid. Heav'n forbid!—I have been prudently conſidering the Colonel's ſituation ſome time paſt—his eſtate I underſtand has been long languiſhing in a decline, and his creditors no doubt are in expectation of mine.

Lady Flip. Then to beſtow it on Welford—think of the pleaſure of ſweet five and twenty ſmiling upon you from morning 'till night.

Mus. And from night to morning—think of that, madam.

Lady Flip. Then our triumph over a girl of ſuch beauty as Conſtance—the buz of the polite world, and their impertinent ill-nature.

Wid. Certainly there are inducements.

Lady Flip. Inducements! you will have the exquiſite ſatisfaction of being lampoon'd, epigramm'd, and paragraph'd,—or perhaps be etch'd in aqua fortis, and ſtuck up in the print ſhops. Then to have the tribe of antiquated maidens, diſguſted wives, and diſappointed widows railing at your prudence, yet envying your ſituation—"Lord bleſs us!"—ejaculates Lady Toothleſs, "I wonder at her indiſcretion, to marry a man ſo young. The Colonel would have been much more ſuitable."—Then ſhe takes five years from your lover's age, and adds to your's—"That's he!—that's he!"—exclaims Miſs Squintum, as ſhe ogles from a ſide box, with one eye worn out in ſearching for defects in beauty, and the other on the decline—"That's he,—but I cannot perceive what ſhe ſaw in the fellow; he is as plain as herſelf—and I wonder how women can follow fellows."—The blooming youth hands you to your ſeat—the whole circle ſtare at you—a general whiſper's breath'd round—you gaze in return with perfect compoſure—ſalute your acquaintance—adjuſt your tucker, giggle behind your fan, aſſume a perfect indifference, whiſper your handſome huſband to mortify them, and laugh out to ſhew your inward ſatisfaction and ineffable contempt.

Wid. But how is all this to be brought about?

Mus.

Mus. Call at my houſe within an hour, and if I do not ſettle it, diſcard me from your confidence.——

Lady Flip. She ſhall be punctual—come, ſiſter, I ſee you were unacquainted with your lover's paſſion, —but you muſt acknowledge I had ſufficient cauſe for ſuſpicion.

Wid. Yet you muſt allow there was no deceit on my part.

[*Exit* Widow.

Mus. You have play'd your part admirably.

Lady Flip. Yes, Muſlin, all good actreſſes are not upon the ſtage.

[*Exeunt* Lady Flippant *and* Muſlin.

SCENE III. *Ordeal's Houſe.*

Enter Douglas, Clara, *and* Nicholas.

Nich. You are no longer a Scotchman I zee——

Doug. Yes, Nicholas, I have only laid aſide the tone and accent, but I am ſtill a Scotchman; I have no reaſon to be aſhamed of my country, and I truſt my country will never have reaſon to be aſhamed of me.

Nich. Why zee maſter, I could never zee any difference between your Engliſh and Scotch; though to be zure I could hear it in their ſpeaking, and that is the only difference I think ſhould ever be between them; but take a fool's advice now,—make the beſt uſe of your time.

[*Exit* Nicholas.

Doug. What employs your thoughts, my love?

Cla. In truth, love itſelf; if the pleaſing deſcription you have given me be true, and I have no reaſon to doubt your veracity, to live with thoſe we love muſt be the extent of human happineſs;—but then, Mr. Ordeal has told me that your ſex often requite the moſt ſincere paſſion with cold indifference.

Doug. The charge is too true; but my affection can only ceaſe with life.

Cla.

CLA. I owe every thing to Mr. Ordeal's goodneſs, and the very arguments you urged to gain my love, perſuade me againſt being ungrateful!—obedience is the only return I can make his kindneſs, and how can I diſobey him, when my heart informs me that ingratitude is one of thoſe heinous ſins at which Heaven is moſt offended!

DOUG. It is true, no quality of the ſoul is more lovely than gratitude;—but Mr. Ordeal is not actuated by paſſion,—he offers you his hand from motives of generoſity, not love,—all you owe him is friendſhip, which an union with me could not diminiſh.

CLA. You can perſuade me to any thing;—you ſwear you love me,—I believe you,—and if the pleaſure I take in ſeeing you, and hearing you, and the pain I feel when you leave me, be love, I love you above all things.

Re-enter NICHOLAS.

NICH. Have you ſettled every thing?

DOUG. Good Nicholas, do not interrupt her.

NICH. Who, I, a ſpoil-ſport! mum!—— [*Exit* Nicholas.

CLA. Would not my conſenting to marry you be injuſtice to my benefactor?

DOUG. The value I ſet upon your love is ſuch, I would not accept it, but as the voluntary gift of your ſoul!—I will obtain Mr. Ordeal's conſent.

CLA. Then I am for ever yours. *(He kiſſes her hand.)*

Enter ORDEAL *and* NICHOLAS.

ORD. *(aſide)* What do I ſee?

CLA. But when will you obtain his conſent?

ORD. Never.

CLA. O, we are undone.

ORD. *(to Douglas)* Is this the way you repay my confidence? and you, *(to Clara)* innocent miſs, is this a grateful return for years of kindneſs?—But *(to Nicholas)*

Nicholas) what shall I say to you, rascal?—you, whom I thought watchful as a lynx, have you been like another Argus—were your eyes shut up by this Mercury, or was your mouth stopped by a fop, Mr. Cerberus?

Nich. Yes, I loves a fop;—but I will be called no names—zee master,—our bargain is this, a month's warning, or a month's wages; so, pay me, and I'll go, but remember it was not I brought master Charle into the house.

[*Exit* Nich.

Doug. Your resentment, Sir, must fall solely upon me—I only have deceived you,—a word in private,—(*takes Ord. aside*) could human nature repel the influence of such beauty?—(*turns to Clara*) had I been less honourable, or Clara less virtuous, I might now perhaps be imposing upon your credulity a seduced mind, with a vitiated mind: I am young,—Clara is pure nature,—the experiment I have made was dangerous.——

Ord. But you were only to have made the experiment to try how far her inclinations coincided with mine.——

Doug. Consider, she was an orange tree.——

Ord. You were to have been the instrument for promoting my happiness.

Doug. She possess'd the verdure of the spring——

Ord. Hear me!

Doug. The blossom of the summer——

Ord. Hear me!

Doug. The ripe fruit of autumn.

Ord. And you would consider me the falling leaf in winter—hear me, Sir—(*loud*) Have you not been urging the temptations of pleasure to seduce her into your own designs?—have you not alienated her affections from me?

Doug. Sir, I came into your house for the very purpose of gaining her love.

Ord. Who are you, Sir?

Doug. A soldier—my name Douglas,—my fortune a competency,—my country Scotland—the same person

son, who assisted you, when attack'd by ruffians on Marlborough Downs.

CLA. The kind gentleman in whose arms I fainted!

DOUG. From the first instant I saw her, my soul caught the inspiration of virtuous love.

ORD. You are unfashionable, Sir,—from the dissipated conversation of the young fellows of the times, one would imagine there was neither honesty in man, nor chastity in woman;—but your conduct contradicts their aspersions.

DOUG. It is too true, the arts of seduction are so sedulously studied, that honest love appears in danger of being extirpated.

ORD. There are many, many melancholy examples;—but be assured, young man, though sensual pleasures arise from seducing innocence, it is plucking blossoms from a sweet briar, which will rankle in the flesh.

DOUG. Your observation, Sir, is just,—though it does not apply to me.——

ORD. My censure does not fall solely on youth,—no, the gardens of beauty and innocence are also despoil'd by old debilitated wretches, who cannot cultivate the soil, but lay waste its beauties."

CLA. Do you forgive me, Sir?

ORD. I blame you not, I am your debtor for many instances of duty and affection;—look on her, Douglas;——yet her beauty is the least of her excellence,——but as it is a principal part of benevolence to assist another most when there is most need of assistance,—and that you need not owe too much to the generosity of your husband,—as you cannot be my wife, I adopt you for my child.—love inspires its votaries with sentiment, and I acknowledge its benign influence.

Join their hands.

DOUG. You weep, my lovely Clara!

ORD. And so do you,—and so do I,——I see you are all joy,——but, my children, the transports of a virtuous passion are the least parts of its plea-

pines;—we will this instant to Sir Buzzard Savage's,—a young lady, his niece, calls for my protection.

Duke. You mean Constance Heartfree! young De Courcy, of York, my particular friend, is, I believe, betrothed to her.——

Ord. You are right;—take your bride by the hand;—The woman will laugh at me for losing her, but I am above the laugh of the world, and I will laugh at the world in my turn,—that is my way.—— *Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Lady Flippant's Dressing Room.*

Enter Lady FLIPPANT,

Lady Flip. THE from hands this day, and here will I meet it. (*Sits down, and takes a book.*)

Enter Sir BUZZARD *and* GRACE.

Sir Buz. (*Pushing Grace before him*) you shall instantly march out of my house. (*Pushes her*)

Grace. My lady scorns your suspicions.

Sir Buz. Stop your gabble, you diminutive pandar in petticoats!—It is clear that Constance was ignorant of Welsford's arrival in England!—it is apparent he did not come to my house after her.—What, is your noble blood at a loss for an excuse?

Lady Flip. Who has instilled jealousy into that head of yours, barren of every thing but what is monstrous! (*Reads.*)

Sir

Sir Buz. It is your Ladyship that has made my head ache.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Sure the devil instigates some women!—the widow——

Sir Buz. Do not throw the blame on the poor *devil* —it is nature instigates them, and she is to the full as subtle and certain in her operations.

Col. I just now spoke to her as she stept out of a chair into Mrs. Muslin's, and in return was shot through the heart with a look of ill-nature and contempt——if I was not the coolest fellow in the service, I'd run mad, —aye,—mad, mad——

Lady Flip. You would have cause to run mad, if you knew she is now at Mrs. Muslin's, enjoying a tete-a-tete with Welford.

Col. Impossible!

Grace. I am ready to take my oath of it! (*to Sir Buzzard*) the truth is, I told a great lie to your honour.

Sir Buz. O, confound me, but I believe you now. [*Exit* Grace.

Col. The widow gone to Welford, on an assignation!—ha, ha, ha! I will after her this instant, and cut his throat!—No, I will not, sir—I am pleas'd—perfectly pleas'd!—I will discharge such a volley about his ears—gone to visit Welford!—but why should I be vex'd?—I will follow her, spring a mine, and blow them up together——Burst on her like a hand-grenade.

Lady Flip. Ridiculous—you are all gun-powder.

Col. Ungrateful woman!

Lady Flip. Deceitful sex!

Sir Buz. Surprize her and her lover!

Col. I mean I will burst——

Lady Flip. Well, you see it was your sister, not your wife Welford came to visit; will you please to make an apology for your vulgar suspicions?

Sir Buz. An apology to you! O, impudence! have you not been the ruft of my health, have you not fretted me down to a mere fkeleton, make you an apology!—give me my waſted fleſh.

Lady Flip. I ſhall for London in the morning.

Sir Buz. If you dare!

Lady Flip. Will ſhew out at every place of public entertainment.

Sir Buz. At your peril.

Lady Flip. At your coſt.

Sir Buz. The law gives me authority to confine you, and I will exerciſe it—I am your huſband.

Lady Flip. I am heartily ſorry for it;—will have public breakfaſts, public dinners, and public nights.

Sir Buz. You ſhall have bread and water, in a narrow room.

Lady Flip. A box at the Opera, and ſubſcribe to all the Concerts.

Sir Buz. You devil!

Lady Flip. Will purchaſe a new vis-a-vis—a town chariot and phaeton.

Sir Buz. You—your have a deſign upon my life.

Lady Flip. Heav'ns! how ardently I pant to be elevated in the phaeton, to take the circuit of Hyde Park, rolling in a cloud of duſt, four horſes, two outriders, whip in hand, flowing manes, hunters tails, ſweep down Piccadilly, turn into St. James's-ſtreet, up fly the club-houſe windows, out pop the powdered heads of the bucks and beaux of faſhion—ſome nod, ſome ſmile, ſome kiſs hands,—all praiſe—ſhe's a goddeſs, exclaims one,—a venus, ejaculates another,—an angel, ſighs a third. I cut on, ſlap down Pall-Mall ſwift as lightning, rattle furiouſly through Charing-Croſs, overturn Lady Dapper's whim and cart in Northumberland Houſe, loſe a wheel in the ſtreet, jump from my ſeat as the carriage falls, and am received in the arms of ſome handſome fellow whom love has directed to my aſſiſtance.

Sir Buz. She is mad! ſhe is mad! outrageous mad!

Lady Flip. He carries me into a house, fainting.

Sir Buz. Stop there; I will be divorced.

Lady Flip. Then I will have a separate maintenance.

Sir Buz. Not a shilling.

Lady Flip. You cannot deprive me of my settlement.

Sir Buz. Ay, there is the grievance! Oy confound all jointures and settlements, those encourage your levities, and stimulate you all to transgress.

[*Exit* Sir Buzzard.

Lady Flip. (*Solus.*) My poor spirits are exhausted! Heigh ho! I am tired of this dissipated life.

Enter Constance.

Con. I wait upon your ladyship, to return grateful thanks for the many favours you have conferred upon me, and to take my leave, as I am determined to quit this house.

Lady Flip. What! without your uncle's consent?

Con. I cannot think his consent necessary, while he and your ladyship attempt to the persecution I experienced from a man I despise.

Lady Flip. (*Crying.*) And pray where do you intend to go?

Con. I have found a protector—Mr. Ordeal, the friend of my unfortunate father. Lady Flippant, it hurts my heart to part you upon these terms. (*Weeps and appears going.*)

Lady Flip. In tears, Constance! (*Constance returns.*)

Con. My heart is too full.

Lady Flip. He hates (*cries*) you! love this Mr. Ordeal sincerely—but he is (*crying*) rich, is he not more, he has lived in a fashionable

Con. To me he is every thing—and in my house [illegible]—but may [illegible]

Lady Flip. Bless your joy!

Ord.

Lady Flip. Constance—I really love you—our manners have divided us; but be assured, my dear girl, though I run the circle of fashionable life, my mind is not devoid of sensibility—your education has been different.

Con. It was my happiness to receive instruction from a pious and tender mother, who early taught me the precepts of virtue, and impressed upon my heart, that honest reputation with humble poverty, was preferible to a suspicious character, though blazoned with all the pomp and ornaments of unmerited distinction.

Lady Flip. (*Rises*) Alas, Constance, it was my misfortune to be educated in all the giddy fashionable vanities of the times.

Con. (*Rises*) But I have observed a disposition in your ladyship susceptible of the tenderest offices of friendship,——and where there is feeling——

Lady Flip. There is hope of reformation—you would have said so—indeed, Constance, there are sentiments here, which often upbraid me, but sure nothing has transpir'd, injurious to my honour.

Con. The world is censorious, madam, and those whose conversation is the most entertaining are often the most dangerous; to simplicity they impute cunning, and give a criminal construction to the most innocent actions.

Enter Ordell *and* Clara.

Ord. I am all joy, lady Flippant—Constance, this is Clara, hereafter I trust you will be inseparable friends.

Lady Flip. In tears, Constance! (*Aside*)

Clara. I shall endeavour to merit the lady's friendship.

Ord. They may boast, girl—Thou hast a willing ever burning (ploughshare) but here is a girl has done more, she has lived in a fashionable family without consuming *Time* (*Aside to Clara*)

Lady Flip. But, Mr. Ordell, what is the cause of your joy?

Ord.

Ord. It must be affection.—Pure Nature has bestowed her hand and heart on the Scotch lad, who turns out to be Captain Douglas, Welford's intimate friend.

Con. Sir, I know the gentleman, and he bears a high character.

Lady Flir. Constance, take this young lady to the drawing-room, send Grace to me, and order your maid over to Welford's, to let him know you will be there presently. I have a serious reason for my request, and will not be denied.

Con. I obey. [*Exeunt* Constance *and* Clara.

Lady Flir. The poor girl's situation is truly pitiable—it was our subject when you came in—the tears are not yet out of my eyes.

Ord. Never blush for weeping; tears are the certain symptoms of a noble soul.

Lady Flir. Do you know that I have serious thoughts of throwing aside all fashionable levities?

Ord. I know it is almost time; I believe your intentions are virtuous, and your irregularities I do not impute to nature;—no, my lady, nature has endowed you with amiable qualities, among which, I think generosity is prevalent—but like most of your sex, you have taken up levity through whim, and maintain it through pride, though perhaps your soul struggles to be delivered from the trammels;—break them, then, and you will do more than Cæsar;—he conquered countries, but the greatest glory human nature can acquire is to conquer ourselves;—I have good news for Constance, —her father is living.

Lady Flir. Heavens!—are you serious?

Ord. I have had letters from London, and he returns by the next ships from India;—nay more,—he has remitted thirty thousand pounds to her sole use, with directions to prepare a house for his reception.

Lady Flir. O, I am overjoyed—why has she never heard from him before?

Ord. He was sent upon an embassy to the interior parts of the country, and his letters were intercepted and

and destroyed.—But seriously, has your ladyship known nothing of this before?

Lady Ell. Never.

Ord. Here is roguery on foot.—An express was sent to your seat at York, which not meeting the lady there, was forwarded to this city, and delivered at this house.

Lady Ell. I see into it; this account of the warm impetuous passion of Cheatly's for the girl, and her fortune were no doubt to be sacrificed between him and my worthy spouse. Then you must assist me in persuading Constance to go to Welford's, it will produce an incident which will punish the young gentleman's passion for intrigue, and give Constance an authority over him. (going) *returns.* but do you believe me repentance sincere?

Ord. I hope so!—but I believe nothing without proof—that is my way.—Where there is envy the world will suspect, and when the world has once cause to suspect a woman, her character becomes as much the sport of its malice, as if there was a certainty of her having abandoned it.

Lady Ell. I am penitent; but do you really forgive my absence to Pure Nature?

Ord. Yet, and am convinced you are no false prophet, for all you foretold, Clara preferred the summer dimples of youth to the winter wrinkles of age.—I speak my mind, that is my way.

Exeunt Ordeal *and* Lady Ellinant.

SCENE II.—*Mrs. Muffin's*

Enter Waddy, Mrs. Muslin, *and* Wetstraw, *at different doors.*

Wad. Your opinion, madam, I insist upon it; modesty is an attribute to woman,—gravity and reserve must be probably the first we have encountered, that the feminine disposition of the male might be relieved by the slightness

lines

liners of the female,—your smiles alleviate our pains, your approbation rewards our dangers.

WID. And our conversation illustrates my opinion—you are grave,—I, perhaps, too volatile.

MUS. The superior gentleman seems as if something preyed upon his mind;—after the solemnized matrimony, wit is the only cure for melancholy.

MUS. Well,—business must be minded.

WEL. (*Rises.*) Shall I see you to the door?

MUS. (*Aside.*) A great fortune—may I trust her with my——?

WEL. May *I* trust myself with *her*? (*Aside.*)

Enter Mrs. Muslin.

A good, merry, convenient, civil old woman!—she recommends matrimony.—(*Aloud.*) Pray, madam, what kind of lovers do you prefer?

WID. I must tell you the lovers I would not prefer. I would not prefer a coxcomb,—— a fluttering summer insect——a petit maître,—full of insipid gaiety, laughter, and noise, who pays more attention to his hair than to his intellects,—who (possesses) neither sentiment for friendship, nor sensibility for love——but is curst with a soul devoid of manliness, and bent on the gratification of its own sensual appetites.

WEL. An excellent picture, yet the species of animal you describe are favorites.——The ladies are grown so enamoured of delicate limbs, and effeminate faces,——one would imagine they wished to have their lovers women in every thing.

Enter Mrs. MUSLIN.

MUS. Dear Sir, there is a woman waiting for you—she insists upon coming in,—and has such a tongue!——I leave a lady of your's——or if it was your business, me em, yet it is not the custom of the place to look down upon the likes of me, me em.

GRACE. I leave a lady of your's——or if it was your business, me em, yet it is not the custom of the place to look down upon the likes of me, me em.

MUS. Dear Sir, there is a woman waiting for you—she insists upon coming in,—and has such a tongue!

WID. I would not be seen for the world.

MUS. She would surely blast the reputation of my house.——Sir, you must go down by the back door.

WID. How happy would I be in England, if my poor character

WEL.

Wel. Any thing to save the reputation of your house! *(Going.)*

Enter Mrs. MUSLIN.

Mus. Madam, madam, the slut is upon the stairs.—Step into this closet till the impudent creature is gone—*(Puts the widow in the closet.)* You do not know, Sir, you have been toying with Mrs. Volatile, sister to Sir Bazzard Savage.

Hon. *(Within)* Mr. Welford.

Wel. I know that voice.

Mus. It is the clack of Mrs. Honor, waiting-maid to Miss Constance.

Wel. Then keep her out for Heaven's sake.

Hon. *(Within)* I will have admittance.

Mus. Coming, Mrs. Honor.—O the audacious wretch——I see, Sir, you are a man of gallantry, but, pray, dispatch the creature as fast as possible! *[Exit Mus.*

Hon. *(Within)* Madam, I insist upon going in first.

Grace. *(Within)* No me'em——you will pardon me——

Enter Grace *with* Honor, *pushing in together.*

Wel. What, two ladies, your most obedient, *(bows——they curtsy.)*

Hon. You have no business here, me'em.——

Grace. My business, me'm, is no business of your's——or if it was your business, me'em, yet it is not the business of the likes of you to look down upon the likes of me, me'em.

Hon. The likes of you! I look down upon with scorn.——It is not for the likes of you, to look up to the likes of me, me'm——I serves a lady of virtue.

Grace. Virtue! Your insinuation is low, me'em, high as you carry your head.

Wel. Grace, stand on my right hand—Honor, take your place on my left—How happy would it be for

England,

England, were all her great men in my situation—Grace supporting one side, Honor supporting the other. —Now, ladies, to the cause of your visit.

GRACE. My lady understanding that her sister was here——
HON. My Lady sent me to let you know——
} together.

WEL. One at a time.

GRACE. Sir, you must know——
HON. My lady sent——
} together.

WEL. Here is a guinea for her who speaks *second* —What, dumb!——but money seals as well as unseals the mouths of great speakers.

HON. Me'm, I shall certainly speak first—Sir, you must know——

GRACE. Speak first, me'm! I serve a lady of quality.

WEL. Order in the house—let me settle this point of precedence—I believe it is regular that Grace should take the lead of Honor, so Mrs. Grace begin.

HON. Thank you for preferring she.

(Walks about.)

WEL. Now Grace, what is your business with me?

GRACE. La, Sir, I have no business with *you*—I want to speak with Mrs. Volatile.

WEL. Child, she is not here.

GRACE. Not *here*—but I believe she is *there*

(points to closet.)

WEL. By this guinea she is not.

(gives money.)

GRACE. By this guinea I will swear it—mum—but my lady wants to see her directly—Mrs. Honor, your very obedient—an audacious hussy!—*(aside.)*

[Exit GRACE.

HON. Me'm, your most humble——*(aside.)* Lord, Sir, I found it as difficult to get to you, as if you had been a great Turk.

WEL. Mrs. Muslin did not know you perhaps.

Hon. Not know me! she knew me to be virtuous, though as the saying is, "tell me your company and I will tell you what you are"——and I, and my mistress live in a family where there is not much virtue practised—but I am silent——servants should neither have eyes, nor ears, nor tongues, therefore I am always blind, deaf and dumb, let me hear or see what I may.

Wel. Lower your voice, you may be overheard.

Hon. Then there is Sir Buzzard's sister, the widow, though her husband is not dead six months, is frisky and brisk—gadding about, and running mad for another——

Wel. Speak low, a gentleman lies ill in the next room.

Hon. As to Sir Buzzard, they have put their fingers into his eyes so often, he is blind as a beetle. I must make you laugh about the widow——

Wel. I cannot permit you to stay any longer from your Lady. Here's for your good report. (*gives money.*)

Hon. Dear Sir, you distress me—

Wel. Farewell——(*pushing her out.*)

[*Exit* Hon.

Heav'n be prais'd! I have got rid of you!—Now to relieve my widow, who I suppose is mortified into humility, or bursting with rage.

Enter Widow *from the closet.*

Madam, I feel for your situation, and did every thing in my power to stop the impetuous flow of the woman's tongue—but be not affected at what she said—"Censure and calumny are taxes paid by the most elevated characters, nor is it possible to make defence against the impost, but by obscurity."

Wid. It is beneath me, Sir, to defend my character against the aspersions of so mean a wretch—I feel however for the impressions her falsehoods may have made on you.

Enter

Enter MUSLIN.

MUS. You ſeem frightened, madam, quite fluſter'd I proteſt—ſure the gentleman attempted no rudeneſs———

WID. That woman has ſlandered me groſly!

WEL. Soothe your paſſion, madam, nothing ſo prejudicial to beauty as intemperate warmth—conſider the vulgar ſet up a preſcription, for exerciſing latitude of tongue, that ſhews no reſpect to perſons.

WID. Your hand, Mrs. Muſlin——ſome drops——ſome water——I faint——I am overcome——I die! oh! (*faints in Welford's arms.*)

MUS. Support her, dear Sir, 'till I return—let me run for reſtoratives—(*going, returns*) open her hands, chaſe her temples,—a-lack a day—This is a maſter ſtroke of the widow's! (*aſide.*)

[*Exit* MUS.

WEL. This is worſe than the ſtate of Tantalus—human nature cannot hold out—ſhe is really handſome. I will venture to kiſs her however———

Re-enter MUSLIN.

MUS. Madam, Sir,—there is Miſs Conſtance and Colonel Staff with her———

WID. What will become of me? (*Springing from the couch.*)

WEL. What will become of me?

Enter Colonel STAFF.

COL. In his private chamber, and juſt ſprung from his arms!—Oh, hell and furies! but I will be cool,—we, Sir, will meet hereafter; this intruſion, madam, is, I ſee, as unſeaſonable as unexpected; I am ſorry to have interrupted you.

WID. I am unconcerned at your ſuſpicions, Colonel,——you will not be cenſorious, Miſs Conſtance—my buſineſs here was to prevent that imprudent ſtep which you are about to take.

CON. You have ſucceeded, madam *(going)*.

WEL. Will you hear me?

CON. I am ſorry, Sir, for the confuſion I have cauſed—having gained my eſteem without difficulty—you have reſign'd it with the ſame eaſe——

COL. *(To the* Widow) This undeniable proof of your duplicity has reinſtated my ſenſes, and I will run the gauntlet no longer—you ſee I am calm—quite calm,—but I will have revenge;—you, Sir?——

WEL. Well, Sir!—it is my duty to clear this lady from ſuſpicion, to which her ſituation lays her open, and in which I am innocently involved.

WID. You may have an intereſt in juſtifying yourſelf, Sir, but I requeſt not to be included in your defence; I am going.

COL. I give up the purſuit—Madam, if my acts and deeds——

WID. Your acts and deeds! Yes, I have heard of your acts and deeds from yourſelf, Colonel——but, be aſſured, a man without ſpirit ſhall never controul the acts and deeds of my fortune.

[*Exit* Widow.

COL. A true Parthian,—ſhe ſhot as ſhe flew.

[*Exit* Colonel.

WEL. Conſtance, will you attend to me?

CON. No, Sir,—you need not take the trouble of ſpeaking to me now, or of enquiring for me hereafter.

[*Exit* Conſtance.

WEL. Was ever man ſo unfortunate!—to have all my wiſhes blaſted in the moment of ripening!—to loſe the object of my love in the inſtant of recovering her—who waits there? to have an intrigue with a wife, a widow, and a maid, in the courſe of one day, and be diſappointed in all—will no body anſwer? *(calling aloud.)*

Enter MUSLIN.

MUS. What is the matter, Sir?

WEL. Where is the lady?

Mus. She went out with the Colonel.

Wel. I speak of the young lady.

Mus. She left the house in a chair,—but I cannot tell where she went.

Wel. I will this instant to Sir Buzzard's—I will follow her over the whole world;—what an unfortunate fellow!

[*Exit* Welford.

SCENE *changes to the Parade. Enter* Cheat, *followed by a servant.*

Cheat. What answer has Doctor Spruce sent?

Serv. He said, Sir, he would not write,—but remember your ungenerous treatment, and have revenge!—pardon me, Sir, but these were his words.

Cheat. Would have revenge!

Serv. Yes, Sir, and I saw a letter on his table directed to Sir Buzzard Savage;—there was an attorney with him, and I heard him say the penalty is treble the money lost.

Cheat. How much is he arrested for?

Serv. Upwards of seventy pounds.

Cheat. Here is a note for a hundred—(*gives a note*) fly and get him discharged.

[*Exit* Servant.

A letter to Sir Buzzard!—an attorney with him!—treble the penalty!—this Spruce, I fear, will turn traitor.

Enter Douglas.

Captain Douglas, your most obedient,—how long have you been in Bath? I have not seen you for an age.

Doug. I believe, Sir, not since the York meeting, when my friend De Courcy lost his money.

Cheat. He is too ardent to attempt play,—always off his guard.

Doug. And had the misfortune to play with those who kept a constant censure upon his weakness;—he confided in you and was deceived;—Carey and Captain

understanding, may preserve a man's property from the plunder of a common robber,—but honesty has no protection from the frauds of superior cunning.

CHEAT. I won nothing from him; I lost—the truth is, the knowing ones took us in.——

DOUG. But you shared the winnings.——

CHEAT. Will you dare——

DOUG. I will dare any thing that is honest.

CHEAT. Your friend, Sir, has dared to traduce my character, by the imputation you insinuate. But he and you should know me better, than to suppose any man could affront me with impunity. *(Lays his hand on his sword.)*

DOUG. I know you have a mind capable of vindicating your conduct, even at the risque of your own life, and the life of him you have injured—men like you, habituated in deceit, become callous to humanity;—destitute of principle,—they are not deterred by the compunctions of conscience,—but will insure the profits of their cunning, even at the price of blood.

CHEAT. My family, Sir——

DOUG. Is honourable!—speak not of your family—their virtues render your vices the more conspicuous.

Enter Sir BUZZARD.

Sir BUZ. Oh you traitor!—the reverend Mr. Spruce has made a full confession—So I have been your pigeon, but the law shall do me justice.

CHEAT. This is your scheme, pusillanimous, mean wretch—*(to Sir Buzzard)* for you, Sir, *(to Douglas)* we shall meet again.

[*Exit* Chesterly.

Sir BUZ. Yes,—at the next assizes;—the fellow's mind is sowed with hempseed, and will yet produce a halter,—or if he escapes hanging, I shall see him perish in a gaol, under as many wants as are in the Daily Advertiser;—have you been pigeon'd, Sir?

DOUG.—No, Sir.

Sir

Sir Buz. I have,—he has pluck'd ſome quill feathers from me,—he has pinion'd me!—oh the raſcal!—but I ſhall recover my mortgages, and bonds, with treble penalties!

Enter Welford *and Lady* Flippant.

Wel. Diſtraction!—ſhe is loſt!—I have been at your houſe, my Lady,—at Mr. Ordeal's—at every inn in the town,—but can get no tidings of her.

Lady Flip. It is ſurpriſing, you, who poſſeſs a heart open and liberal, panting with affection for the whole ſex, ſhould run diſtracted for the loſs of an individual!

Doug. You overlook me, Welford——

Wel. Douglas!—my friend!—O, Douglas, I have loſt my Conſtance!—I——

Lady Flip. No truant, I have been your advocate and regained her for you—on condition of repentance—

Enter Conſtance *and* Clara, *followed by* Ordeal.

Wel. My life!——(*they embrace.*)

Sir Buz. Repentance!—let him marry, and he will live and die in a ſtate of repentance.

Con. What!—marry me, an orphan without a ſhilling?

Wel. Talk not wealth,—were the riches of the world in your poſſeſſion, by Heaven they would not add a grain to the eſtimation of your worth.

Ord. Generous and noble!

Con. (*to Ord.*) How, Sir, can I repay your generoſity?

Ord. The ſatisfaction which reſults from aiding virtue in diſtreſs, is the only intereſt a generous mind can wiſh to receive for its ſervices;—becauſe it is the only intereſt ſuch a mind can enjoy.

Lady Flip. Return to my houſe;—there you ſhall be acquainted with a matter which nearly concerns your happineſs.

Sir

Sir Buz. Which I never expect to taste!

Oak. Your happiness is in your own power, commence the practice of virtue, and you will be enamoured of its sweets,—try the experiment, and never fear success.

Lady Flip. What say you to that, Sir Buzzard?

Sir Buz. I say a man can never be too old to mend—I say I have been positive all my life, and I say if you follow the advice of your ancient and sapient friend, my endeavours to procure domestic happiness shall not be wanting—Ordeal, the laugh will be against us both.

Oak. Laugh at me as long as you please, but had I married Clara, the laugh would have been still stronger against me;—the Scot has done right, and the girl has done right,—the mutual inclination of two virtuous souls, cannot but render them more virtuous;—the inhabitants of countries united by nature and policy should take every opportunity of strengthening the connexion;—I see you all think as I do!—and here I hope we shall also meet approbation.

(*Bowing to the audience*).

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

To FASHIONABLE LEVITIES.

(As ſpoken by Miſs YOUNGE.)

OUR growing Levities too clearly ſhow,
That all our troubles from refinement flow,
Two ages ſince we valu'd plain attire,
Blue-apron'd was the Dame, ſtraight-hair'd the Squire;
They call'd not houſhold buſ'neſs vulgar cares,
Nor deem'd it ungenteel to ſay their pray'rs:
But arts improv'd, new Levities aroſe,
And Ladies chang'd the faſhion of their clothes;
Hoop'd petticoats in ev'ry town were ſeen:
The ſnug rotunda pleas'd the virgin Queen,
And beef for breakfaſt ſerv'd her lady-train;
No wonder that her ſailors baffled Spain.
Yet ſtill we've chiefs with love of glory fir'd;
But ſo had Rome when liberty expir'd;
"We've ſtateſmen too, who burn with patriots flame,
"But ſo had Greece, when Greece had loſt her fame."
"We've admirals who plow the briny deep,
"Through azure ſkies and rolling clouds they ſweep,
"Invade the Planets in an Air Balloon,
"And fright from her propriety the Moon"—
Beſs was a man, when danger call'd her pow'rs,
She was a woman in her private hours—
Few Levities, few luxuries ſhe knew;
No cherries then in February grew:
May-dukes in April on the bough hung green,
And girls wore hanging-ſleeves till full eighteen.
Few mothers teach their daughters grace or ſenſe;
But tell them taſte in dreſs is excellence:
Bid them the Levities of rank aſſume,
And flaunt with ſpreading bow, or nodding plume;
Strut in a riding-dreſs, to ſhew their ſhapes;
Or ſtalk in boots, and coats with tripple capes.

Affecting

EPILOGUE

Affecting ease, but impudently free,
The matron leans upon her cicisbee;
While *cara sposa* snugly keeps his wench,
Dozes his dupes, and revels in the Bench.
"Why, this is vice, not folly?" I agree;
But still this vice proceeds from Levity.
Some souls there are which moral sense sublimes,
A few blest spirits in the worst of times;
One in whom birth and piety are join'd,
Of native worth, and truly royal mind;
Who with benignant hand her blessings pours;
Who knows no Levities, but feels for yours.

*** *Those lines which are not marked with inverted commas, were taken from an epilogue written by Mr. Norris, for the author of the comedy.*